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BLACKSTICK PAPERS. NO. 10.¹

BY MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.

I.

'JACOB OMNIUM.'

'A gent both good and trew.'

ON one of the landings of the staircase of the National Gallery¹ at the entrance of the rooms devoted to British Art, hangs a picture by Gainsborough representing a family group. It is painted with all the full and harmonious sense of colour for which that painter is remarkable, and, besides its artistic merits, the charming composition reproduces that individual personality which Gainsborough seized so wonderfully at times, and which the greatest painters only can convey to us, in some unexplained and yet undeniable manner.

The family is that of Mr. James Baillie, who was a younger son of the Baillies of Dochfour, and the picture must have been painted in the last years of the eighteenth century. It is, in truth, a charming composition; and original too, even though the usual garden background is there and the well-known curtain hangs from the marble column. The father, in the dress of the period, with wig and with knee-breeches, stands stately and well-proportioned upon a step; at his right sits the mother of the family, with her youngest child on her knee and the others clustering round her. Mrs. Baillie is not handsome, but looks, nevertheless, imposing and attractive. She sits in some dignity, dressed in her handsome fringed robes, with a satin shoe appearing from beneath the ample skirts.

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Beside her are her daughters; the eldest, a maiden of about thirteen, with dark eyes like the father, and wearing a tall, feathered hat, beneath which her hair falls loosely. In after years she was to be the mother of the great 'Jacob Omnium.' Next to her is a younger sister, with a merry, round face, which has descended to another generation; and there is also the usual fascinating little boy of those days, who, in his blue vest and buttons and little trousers, is looking up at the baby in the mother's lap. The stately gentleman was the grandfather of Matthew James Higgins, otherwise 'Jacob Omnium,' and the likeness between the generations is certainly very remarkable. But, good-looking as Mr. Baillie must have been, Gainsborough, had he lived to paint it, might have made a still handsomer picture of the grandson.

It was the little boy, known later as Mr. Alexander Baillie, who left this picture for life to his nephew, Mr. Higgins, and then to the National Gallery, where it now hangs in honour.

History has a way of telling her stories backwards. It is interesting to recognise dignity, wit, kindliness, a certain friendly authority that one remembers in the nineteenth century, recorded in the distant eighteenth century by its master hand.¹ Here too is a presentment of the Higgins family itself not as yet in existence. The two daughters, the son, the kind parents in suitable surroundings.

The best likeness, perhaps, that was done of 'Jacob Omnium' is one from a photograph, which records his well-modelled features, calmly humorous, and restrained. The other portrait engraved in the Memoir is an excellent full-length sketch by Sir Francis Grant, with a little toy-terrier introduced by Sir Edwin Landseer. This portrait gives a good impression of Mr. Higgins's great and remarkable height. I can remember seeing my father looking up at him as the two walked away together along Young Street. Carlyle called my father a Cornish giant once, and Mr. Higgins he dubbed Eupeptic giant. Not being eupeptic himself, Carlyle seemed to disapprove of tall men and of many other obvious and inevitable facts. Mr. Higgins's was a harmonious and finely modelled figure, I could not have believed from my remembrance that he was six foot eight inches in height, if I had not read it in his Memoir—that 'excellent Memoir,' as Sir Leslie Stephen calls it, written with so much affection and discrimination by his friend, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell.

¹ How many such noble records, given by the generous hand of Watts, the twentieth century will look upon!

Some people have an ear for music, an eye for colour ; others, in the same way, have an interest in their fellow-creatures, a critical opinion concerning them, and 'Jacob Omnium' was one of these ; and so was Sir William, who wrote of him.

II.

One has heard the story of the infant in a cradle who witnessed a theft committed by his nurse, and who resolved to tell of it as soon as he was old enough to speak intelligibly. In this way 'Paterfamilias' seems at a very early age to have had an opinion upon the affairs of life, and he certainly did not hesitate to expose the wrongs he had observed when the time was ripe to do so. A boy who began at fourteen years of age to have his own ideas upon education was surely born to be a critic. He says : 'I used often to doubt, when called off from my studies at Harchester to mend my master's fire, to prepare his meals, or to brush his clothes, whether a system which permitted and upheld such practices could really be beneficial either to him or to me.' These early conclusions he epitomised in later times, when the well-known letters by 'Paterfamilias' about Eton came out in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, writing vividly from personal experience of the noble old stronghold of tradition and prejudice and good faith. More than one master took up the challenge. 'Paterfamilias' replied to the replies. His third letter, published in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for March 1861, is headed by a quotation from Paul Louis Courier which is too amusing not to be quoted at length :

Je voudrais bien répondre à ce professeur [says the eminent Frenchman], 'car, comme vous savez, j'aime assez causer. Je me fais tout à tous, et ne dédaigne personne ; mais je le crois fâché. Il m'appelle jacobin, révolutionnaire, plagiaire, voleur, empoisonneur, faussaire, pestifère ou pestiaire, enragé, imposteur, calomniateur, libelliste, homme horrible, ordurier, grimacier, chiffonnier. C'est tout, si j'ai mémoire. Je vois ce qu'il veut dire ; il entend que lui et moi sont d'avis différent ; et c'est là sa manière de s'exprimer.

When the Eton master, justly claiming remuneration for much arduous work, describes the occupation 'as one repulsive and irksome to most men,' and complains that 'it mars their chances of marrying,' 'Paterfamilias,' with grave amusement, observes that this gentleman's complaint is certainly not flattering for the wives of his colleagues.

'Paterfamilias' writes as he talked perhaps, as a man of six foot

eight inches would naturally do, with a certain authority, which in his case was tempered by a strong sense of humour; and yet his trenchant decisions were almost always for the good of the world—to help the oppressed, to set wrong right. Other men's heads did not obscure his view, though he may have too hastily overlooked them.

The *Memoir* gives the dates and facts of Mr. Higgins's early life. He was born at Benown Castle, in the county of Meath. He was educated at Bath and at Eton, and afterwards he went to New College, Oxford. His mother, the little girl in the tall hat, was early left a widow with several daughters and this one son. The daughters married in Italy and settled at Naples. I can remember, as a girl, calling with my father upon a very tall lady, with all the Bay of Naples shining through the windows of her reception-room, and I am told there are still tall and handsome Italian gentlemen, her sons and nephews, with the features and the stature of my father's old friend and companion.

Mr. Higgins as a young man after leaving college went off to the West Indies. He was heir to an estate, which he twice visited at intervals, finding, as we read, 'that his plausible attorney and gentlemanly manager were actively making away with his substance.' But they seem literally to have reckoned without their host, who, on his arrival, speedily got rid of them and brought his tangled affairs into order.

III.

Soon after Mr. Higgins's return from Demerara, in 1847, the famine in Ireland was at its height. He offered his services to the relief committee in England. Others worked hard through that cruel time; Sir Aubrey de Vere, Mr. John Ball, and many more names will be remembered. Mr. Higgins was with those who were sent out to the coast of Mayo with supplies for the starving people. They were conveyed thither by *H.M.S. Terrible*. They landed at Erris, a promontory stretching into the Atlantic:

The shores were washed by water abounding in fish, but there was not a wherry or fishing smack in the entire barony. Six thousand were supposed to have perished by starvation, the landowners all but two were bankrupt in purse or in character . . . men, women, and children were dying daily in the village streets and on the roadsides. Mr. Higgins and his associate, Mr. Bynoe, a naval surgeon, were besieged at once for food, clothing, and coffins. . . . When at last the local committee had got into perfect order, the greatest vigilance was required to prevent the resources provided from being wasted, intercepted, applied to the payment of wages, &c.

The letters of Mr. Higgins corroborate the complaints of the relief commissioners. In April 1847 'Jacob Omnium' sent a letter to the 'Times' so eloquent, so incisive, that even now, after sixty years, it still stings and stirs the reader. To understand the Irish, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff tells us on good authority, a man must be born again, and of an Irish mother. The present writer may claim this latter right to realise the strange mixture of fire and apathy, of imagination and hopeless fatalism, which belongs to the Irish character, and which at that trying time roused the just indignation of 'Jacob Omnium.' Fatalism was no part of his creed. To bestir himself, to administer, to hold the reins firmly, came naturally to him. He might have been an Irishman for spirit and kindness and enterprise; he certainly was a typical Scotchman for pains-taking and conscientiousness. What the work was which he had to carry out may be imagined from the following statement at the end of his letter:

... Lest I may be suspected of exaggeration I will, in conclusion, set down what my eyes have seen during the last half-hour. I have seen in the court-house an inquest held on the body of a boy aged thirteen, who, being left alone in a cabin with a little rice and fish in his charge, was murdered by his cousin, a boy of twelve, for the sake of that wretched pittance of food. A verdict of wilful murder has since been returned. The culprit is the most famished and sickly little creature I ever saw, and his relatives, whom I heard examined, were all equally emaciated and fever-stricken.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, in concluding this melancholy chapter, writes as follows:

The Irishmen of 1847 were very angry with Lord John Russell for exhorting them to adopt the maxim, 'Help yourselves, and Heaven will help you'; but the lessons of the famine have not been wholly lost, even upon this generation.

On his return to England during the general election of 1847, Mr. Higgins stood for Westbury as a Peelite. He was defeated by Mr. James Wilson, afterwards Finance Minister in India, by a majority of twenty-one. A daughter of the Rt. Hon. James Wilson tells me that she can remember being taken to a window to see the election and her father speaking, and Mr. Higgins's remarkable figure standing on the hustings, and the excited coachmen of the opposite factions driving into one another, so that the little frightened girl burst into tears and was carried away by her nurse. Mr. Higgins never again stood for a seat in Parliament, though, as we read, 'his interest in public affairs continued unabated, and there were few figures more familiar than his in the lobby or under the gallery of the House of Commons.'

IV.

In 1850 Mr. Higgins married Mrs. Benct, a daughter of Sir Henry Tichborne.

It must have been in the spring of 1850 that my father, sitting down to write a letter at the club, found the impression in Mr. Higgins's writing of an envelope addressed to this lady. Amused and interested by the confirmation of rumours which had reached him, he cut out the page and sent it to his friend. I can remember going with my father to call at Mr. Higgins's house in Lowndes Square just before the marriage. There were several people about, but I most of all remember the soft laughing eyes and the white bonnet of the bride to be.

As I have said, my father and 'Jacob Omnium' were friends and companions both before and after the marriage. They liked the same amusements, they had the same interests. Is it not well known how they went together to visit a celebrated giant, and were admitted free of charge? They fancied the same toys, old china, *bric-à-brac*, among the rest, and one spring morning a cab drove up loaded with a delightful gift from 'Jacob Omnium's' store to ours. Dresden and Oriental pieces there were, a cauliflower in china worth its weight in gold. One mug remains to this day intact upon my table—a cup in which some of us may still drink to the past.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, writing of Mr. Higgins, recalls the well-assorted little dinners both of his bachelor days and in later life; the breakfasts to the Philo-biblion Society, and those rarer Derby-day occasions at which half a dozen friends, 'agreeing, perhaps, in nothing but good-fellowship, used to meet for the great summer holiday.' He quotes the names of Sir John Simeon, of my father, of Sir Edwin Landseer, John Leech, Count de Montalembert. I remember a brake calling one fine Derby morning at my father's door, into which he mounted and cheerfully drove away, leaving us looking out from our schoolroom window with a general sense of excitement and holiday in the air, since even the grown-up people were out enjoying themselves.

I come upon one and another record of Mr. Higgins's name in old papers and letters of that time. 'When I took leave of you last night on Higgins's doorstep,' writes Richard Doyle in a farewell letter to my father, who had just started for America. This

must have been a last parting dinner to the traveller in the autumn of 1854. 'Mr. Higgins met me in the park with baby,' Mrs. Brookfield writes, 'and asked me if I would not come and dine with them; but I could not leave home.' How these chance words bring the reality of past days before one!

Only yesterday, opening a book at hazard, I read an amusing note of a conversation that once was held recorded by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. 'Imagine,' said Sir George Trevelyan, speaking of ancient Athens, 'a society in which it was quite the natural thing to discuss at great length whether "Jacob Omnium" was taller than another man by bigness or by two feet!'

This allusion must have been at a time when 'Jacob Omnium's' name had long become familiar to the world at large. 'His early letters were never passed over,' says his biographer. They seem to have been quoted with respect and irritation, too; they never failed to make their mark.

One only book of 'Social Essays' contains most of his longer articles. A terrible story, called 'Captain Jack,' refers to his West Indian experiences. The history of 'Jacob Omnium' first appeared in the 'New Monthly Magazine' in 1845. The paper attracted so much attention that the name ever after remained to its author. My father was writing in the same magazine at the time, and he and Mr. Higgins both simultaneously applied to the editor to make them known to one another.

Again and again, as one reads what 'Jacob Omnium' has written, one is reminded of the author of 'The Great Hoggarty Diamond,' of the 'Snob Papers,' of the earlier chapters of my father's writing; on one occasion Mr. Higgins must have actually written two pages of the 'Book of Snobs.' At another he himself supplied the story for a very well-known poem.

V.

Most people know the 'Ballads of Policeman X,' and the song of 'Jacob Homnium's Hoss':

One sees in Viteall Yard,
Vere pleacemen do resort,
A venerable hinstitute—
'Tis called the Pallis Court.
A gent 'as got his i on it;
I think 'twill make some sport.

A horse belonging to Mr. Higgins had been stolen from Tattersall's by means of a forged letter. This horse was cleverly recognised by his groom and recovered in the streets of London. The thief, who had been keeping the horse at livery, found it convenient to disappear, and the stablekeeper then brought an action against Mr. Higgins for the animal's keep, which Mr. Higgins naturally refused to pay. The cause was tried, says Sir William, in a small and ancient local court called 'The Palace Court.' I am told that it was a relic of the times when the Sovereign was supposed to hold her own private court of justice, and has been now finally abolished.

Pleaceman X tells the story

The dreadful day of trile
In the Pallis Court did come;
The lawyers said their say,
The Judge looked wery glum,
And then the British Jury cast
Poor Jacob Hom-ni-um.

O, a weary day was that
For Jacob to go through;
The debt was two-seventeen
(Which he no mor owed than you),
And then there was the plaintives costs,
Eleven pound six and two.

And then there was his own,
Which the lawyers they did fix
At the wery moderit figgar
Of ten pound one and six.
Now Evins bless the Pallis Court,
And all its bold ver-dicks!

Everyone must sympathise with the feelings of Pleaceman X for 'Jacob Omnium' when he exclaims,

If I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord, I wouldn't ave that man
Attack me in the *Times*!

The differences of our contemporaries often amuse and interest us, but their cordial understandings and sympathies do one good to dwell upon. I do not allude to mutual admiration societies, which are apt to exhaust one's attention, but to that pride in good work carried through, that love for generous lives lived simply to the end, which will always ring true.

Busy as he was [I am again quoting], he was ever ready to prove himself a friend in need, a counsellor in difficulty, a comforter in affliction.

His long practice in weighing evidence enabled him often to mediate in disputes, and though in his literary vocation he was a man of many controversies, in his private capacity he was the author of not a few reconciliations.

As I read this most just tribute in Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's pages, there comes back to my mind a message from Mr. Higgins, written years and years ago, just after my father's death.

The note is almost too intimate to print, and yet it gives so true a picture of the writer and does such honour to friendship that I cannot but allude to it now. Mr. Higgins had written to ask us who was advising us, and had sent various practical and admirable suggestions for our use, and I, in return, had sent him a letter we had just received, which we valued very much.

He says :

It is impossible for man to write a wiser or kinder letter than Mr. Merivale has written to you. I was afraid when I first wrote to you that in your grief you might entrust your affairs to kind but incompetent hands, and might then be perplexed how to extricate yourself from them. As it is, I can only say that whenever I may die I should be very happy to think that my children had at their side such an adviser and assistant as Mr. Merivale, and that you cannot do better than rely on him fully at all points. . . .

Good-bye. God bless you, and enable you to bear up bravely against the heavy blow which has been so suddenly inflicted on you.

If I may refer to such personal matters, I may add that we had other good advisers and helpers. One of them, Mr. George Smith, was also Mr. Higgins's friend, who himself belonged to that race of men with an instinct for human beings. Mr. George Smith trusted and admired his stately contributor, and liked to take counsel with him about both literary and public affairs. Specially when the 'Pall Mall Gazette' was started did he consult him. Mr. Higgins wrote many of the 'Occasional Notes' which the new periodical was the first to issue. 'Occasional Notes' are now in every newspaper, but they are not quite 'Jacob Omnium's.'

VI.

When 'Jacob Omnium' ceased to write for the 'Times'—it was a disagreement about military matters which brought the long connection to an end—his serious contributions continued to appear in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, as well as in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' Army reform, school reform, social reform, all interested him, and it is curious to note with what just instinct he seemed to

seize upon the vital problems of the hour and to suggest possible remedies.

What a variety of subjects he grasped! We owe to him the introduction of steam-rollers in the London streets, brought about by his sympathy with the sufferings of the horses under his window. Administrative reform was one of his hobbies. The Public Schools Commission followed upon his articles in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE. Only yesterday, sitting in a Surrey garden, with an horizon of autumn hills and a foreground of flowering lawns, I heard something I had never known before from a friend with whom I have many memories in common.

This is what the lady told me. One day Mr. Higgins descended the steps of his club and found the road wet and impassable after a recent shower. His intention had been to cross over to a great store on the opposite side of the street, and to buy some soda for a bath, an antidote for gout which had been recommended by his doctor. Not caring to walk through the mud, he called to a bare-footed boy, and, putting a shilling into his hand, desired him to cross the road and to make the purchase. The boy returned with the soda and a handful of change, and Mr. Higgins asked him whether he had understood that he was intended to pay for the goods. The boy declared that he had paid all that had been asked; with the result that Mr. Higgins, on his return home, sent for the household books, and found that the sum usually charged for soda was many times in excess of that which had been asked from the little sweeper. This was the origin of the first start of Co-operative Stores, so vigorously advocated by 'Jacob Omnium' in the columns of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' So much my friend told me, and she smiled as she added, with a remembrance of those past days, the trades resented this correspondence and withdrew their advertisements in consequence. The public certainly benefited, but the 'Pall Mall Gazette' suffered.

At one time 'Jacob Omnium' was strenuously opposed to that great 'Historicus' whose loss a nation mourns now. It would be almost too sad to dwell on these names, on those noble vanished hands that have so long toiled for us and have made straight our way, were it not for the grasp of the living. But it would be as foolish to weep for the children who once played in the old garden, and who are now busy men and women, at work in the world, as only to lament for those who have passed their way through honoured life to rest.

I cannot conclude better than by an extract from one of Mr. Higgins's essays, a charming description of old Chelsea Hospital :

At half-past ten on Sunday morning I applied for admittance at the east gate of the Hospital, where sat a guard of old men clad in a costume which recalled to my mind Hogarth's picture of the 'March to Finchley.' Being readily admitted I proceeded to the main quadrangle, where I found the pensioners mustering for church parade. Men maimed by every variety of mutilation under which life could be retained were slowly gathering from the various wards. Empty sleeves, wooden legs, bent backs, and disfigured features bore witness that these gallant fellows had dearly bought not the ease—for that few of them have health to know—but the repose which they enjoy.

Amidst all these signs of bodily weakness and infirmity I remarked an erectness of carriage and a neatness of dress which proved that neither age nor sickness could eradicate habits acquired by long service. You could read in every man's face that he respected himself and knew his own worth, and was proud that his country had recognised it. . . . The sound of drums and fifes broke in upon my reverie.

The old men formed a double line on either side of the gravel walk, and the governor of the Hospital, preceded by a blind drummer and two octogenarian fifers, and accompanied by the officers of the establishment, appeared on the parade. . . . The pensioners were closely examined by their governor, as he limped along their most accurate line, with an air rather of affectionate interest than of official scrutiny.

Before they broke for chapel word was passed down their ranks that a pair of green spectacles had been picked up and was in the hands of the adjutant. An ophthalmic Egyptian limped forth and claimed them, thus characteristically concluding this singular military spectacle.

Then 'Jacob Omnium' describes the old chapel,

'gloomy but handsome,' the altar draped on either side with the banners of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. . . . Sixteen Imperial eagles adorn the walls and attest the prowess of these soldiers, of whom these veterans were once the flower. The body of the church is entirely filled by the pensioners; a single line of pews carried along the walls on either side accommodates the officers of the hospital and their families.

It happened at the time I visited the place that these families contained several young women of great beauty; and never did female youth and loveliness stand forth more conspicuously than when contrasted with the Rembrandt-like heads and shattered frames of these venerable soldiers.

He goes on to praise 'the manly, straightforward, and kind-hearted appeals to common-sense of Mr. Gleig, the chaplain. . . . What shall I say of the congregation?' he adds, having thus eulogised the clergyman.

In most assemblies of men we know, to our cost, if we have lived long enough, that the majority are but of average merit, that many sink below mediocrity, and that few rise above it.

But here, amidst this strange collection of cripples, all have been actually tried in the fire and not found wanting; all have approved themselves brave,

obedient, faithful, have undergone severe and bloody trials in every quarter of the globe, wherever their duty led them, and have been fortunate to have their merits recognised and their toils rewarded by the *otium cum dignitate* of Chelsea. Hackneyed as that phrase is, I know of none other which so well expresses the position of these meritorious servants of England.

There is something that reminds one of 'The Newcomes' in this restrained and yet most effective picture of the peaceful place, which remains, happily, unchanged from the days when 'Jacob Omnium's' stately figure trod its sunny old courts.

The following note by Mrs. Yates Thompson, the eldest daughter of Mr. George M. Smith, reaches me as this paper is going to press. It is so interesting that it is added as a postscript. It tells its own story and adds to mine.

A. I. R.

The amount of Mr. M. J. Higgins's writing for the 'Pall Mall Gazette' is shown by the fact that while regular contributors such as W. R. Greg, Lord Strangford, and Leslie Stephen occupy five pages each in the contributors' ledger for the first two years, and J. Fitzjames Stephen has as many as thirteen pages, M. J. Higgins requires thirty of the large pages, all written in my father's beautiful clear hand. His first article appeared a week after the paper started, and his last on the day he was taken ill—six days before he died. At first there were not so many 'Occasional Notes'—only thirteen in May 1865—but he seemed soon to take possession of that department, and in May 1866 there were sixty-six written by him. It was quite an ordinary thing for him to write six, or eight, or ten 'Occasional Notes' a day, and the curious variety of subjects is fairly shown by the following entries for two days in 1867:

Public-houses.	Hall of Arts and Sciences.
U.S. Presidents.	Bishop of Salisbury.
Photography of Corpses.	Condition of Naples.
'Telegraph' Correspondent.	Mont Cenis Railway.
Lectures by a Corporal.	Fenian Ringleaders.
Gutta Serena Ears.	Miracle of St. Januarius.
The Ship <i>Diana</i> .	Steam Locomotive in Rome.
Agricultural Labourers.	Health of Prince Imperial.

His first contribution to the 'Pall Mall Gazette' was a long letter—'Locked in'—giving a lively account of his service as

a juryman and a forcible exposure of the abuses of the system. He wrote a few leaders and now and then a review, and, besides the 'Occasional Notes,' 'Correspondence' was always a favourite method of his. On serious questions, such as a long controversy with Sir Samuel Baker on the negro question, he wrote as 'J. O.'; but he used endless pseudonyms, often writing a letter, on the Eton holidays, for instance, as 'A Mother of Six,' and answering it as 'A Father of Four.' To name but a few, he appears as 'A Widow,' 'A Veteran,' 'Rose du Barri,' 'Materfamilias,' 'Equester,' 'Belgravian.' Do you remember yourself, as 'Martha Query,' stirring him up to answer, as 'Monitor,' a question about 'Gratuities to Servants'? At one time he carried on a correspondence in French as 'Sansou' of Leicester Square.

Perhaps his favourite signature was 'Common Sense.' No abuse, small or great, seemed to escape him, and he attacked them with a mixture of earnestness, playful wit, and good sense which generally seems to have been successful. Anything connected with Eton, from the headmastership down to 'Schoolboy Tippling'; anything to do with horses, from steeplechases to the macadam in the London streets; any case of legal oppression or official incompetence found him on the alert.

The power he exercised is well shown by his correspondence on 'Our Grocers.' On January 13, 1868, he took up the question of the overcharges of West End grocers, and in a series of letters from 'Providus,' 'A Housekeeper,' 'A Victim,' 'A Country Grocer,' besides many editorial notes, worked the subject for a month, and on February 12 was able to publish a circular from many of the leading West End grocers reducing their prices to those of the Co-operative Stores. He did not actually start the Co-operative Stores, which, as he mentions, had been begun two years previously, but by this correspondence he gave them a much greater vogue.

I have read a great many of Mr. Higgins's contributions to try to choose something that might be worth copying for you, but most of the subjects are dead and gone, and detached scraps give little idea of the scope and vivacity of his daily work.

E. A. M. T.

ROSE OF THE WORLD.¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

CHAPTER XIII.

As Rosamond read, that page of her womanhood which she had hitherto so deliberately kept blank was printed as with a tale of fire. Between those short winter hours, between the leaping of the wood flames and the fall of the cold chill twilight, all that she had cheated her heart of—the tears, the passion, the grief—came upon her like a storm. And fate worked its will.

It's no use mincing matters (wrote Harry English); we are besieged, and the worst of it is, our work's not done. For Cartwright and his good fellows have either fallen into the wily old chief's hands, or are as hotly pressed as we are ourselves. We have been able to get no tidings from him so far. It's rather a joke isn't it—though a grim one? We started so cocksure of setting him free; and here we are in a trap ourselves. Well, I'm going to try and get this letter through to you, as the Major—we call him the Colonel now—is trying to run another despatch. It will probably be the last for some time, so don't be alarmed, love, if you are long without news. The old fort is sturdy and well placed, and we shan't have even the glory of danger. God keep you.

The letter—in its incredibly soiled and creased cover—was docketed with soldierly neatness: 'Brought back by messenger unable to pass.'

The rest of the papers in the case were all loose sheets. The earlier of these were carefully dated. But presently this methodic precision was dropped. Most of them seemed to be merely disconnected jottings, at times scarcely more than a phrase or two—as it were the fixing of a passing thought—others again, a sort of outpouring that covered whole pages: thus, nearly to the end. But the last two sheets were once more inscribed with something of the formality of a document.

I shall write you a sort of journal, and, please God (had begun Harry English), we shall read it together some day. Our poor dusky Mercury came back to us quicker than he left, with a bullet in him. I am troubled at the thought of your suspense, but, from the last letter I got through, you will gather that this state of affairs was not unexpected: the old chief has been too much for us for the

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moment. But they are warned at headquarters and we may expect relief in our turn any day. We must not be impatient, though, as they'll have a stiff job getting across the snows. Meanwhile we are all for glory here, and are determined to out-guile or out-fight the Khan before anything so common and everyday as a relief takes place. We're a first-class set of fellows, doctor and all complete; the Major's a brick. Our own boys are rocks (as usual) and Leicester has forty Goorkhas that I'd back—well, against anything! Of course there are these Afridis we can't trust; but they know who's master here. And we've got the old flag, Rosamond—floating grandly like a living thing. We keep up the good old ceremony when running it up at dawn. And you should see the grins flash out on those black faces, when Vane gives his last vicious little twist to the cord in the cleat to make fast for the day! By the way, this business is doing Vane a lot of good. He was a soft pink pulp of a boy, but the little fellow's got pluck, and it's coming out now.

Talking of the flag—last night I was up on the roof, counting the enemy's fires; everything was very still, and I heard the loose line beating fretfully against the staff in the wind: it brought me back—back! Do you remember Fort Monckton, at Stokes Bay, Rosamond, and the smell of the gorse that day of days to me? The night after, when I could not sleep, I walked the bastion at Monckton and heard the cords of the flagstaff flap. I was to meet you again in the morning—Oh, Rosamond!

Great news! Cartwright has fought his way to us with his little band. As fine a bit of mountain fighting as has ever been done. We made a sortie to his aid and only lost four men and a sergeant. Bethune has a piece out of his shoulder, but no bones broken, and Whiteley thinks he'll be up again in a day or two. It's like having my right hand in a sling to have the old chap laid up.

We've got him tight in bed now; and all the fun he is allowed is to watch the bullets that come in through the window and break on the opposite wall. He's in the safe angle, but it's rather a job for us dodging in and out to get at him

The poor Major's gone. We feel orphaned. His stout old body seemed to keep the soul of us all together. It was a bullet through the eye. He never even knew it. I was beside him, Rosamond—the laugh was still on his lips. He fell slowly, like a tower. Dear old fat jolly fellow! I won't grudge him his quick passage. Vane has done nothing but blubber. We buried him in the inner courtyard: they sniped from the crags like blazes, but we did it and no casualties. To-morrow ends the first week of the siege proper. We have ten men sick, four wounded, and have lost our major, and all the responsibility devolves upon me now.

Rosamond, you never loved me. I have blinded myself to it. But here, alone in this fort, with death in every breath I draw, many things have become clear to me. This is the truth: you never loved me, but you are still a child. I could have had such patience, oh, my God!—but now I may have no time left for patience.

Rosamond, my rose, I took you before your hour—but I was as one who rides past and sees his flower bloom, and knows that he must pluck it in all haste, to wear on his heart, or leave it for another. I never kissed you but that you turned your cheek. Oh, I could have taken your lips had I wanted to, and I knew it. Now it breaks upon me like a wave, that if God only gave me ten

minutes more with you, I could teach you how to love. But no, what is not given is not good to take: I would not rob you of your own gracious gift. Oh, my darling, you wept when I left you, the tears rained down your cheeks into my lips. I kissed your sweet eyes and drank the salt of them, and in that hour of grief you left me your lips at last—but they were open lips, like a child's; what could they give me—who wanted your woman's soul?

The words seemed to spring out of the page; to strike her as she read. She had not loved him. She herself had not known it, but it was true and he had known it. All the blood in her body seemed to rush back to her heart; she felt her cheeks grow cold and stiff in a sudden horror of the discovery. Then, with the reaction, the full tide seemed to turn upon itself and rush tingling through her frame. With a burning face she bent over the lines and read them avidly again—and again. How he had loved her! Ah, she felt what love meant, now! She understood! She was no longer the rigid, self-centered schoolgirl, looking forth on the narrow boundaries of her own ethics and deeming them the limits of life. She was a woman, a woman with a heart for him, for the man who had selected her; a woman with a passion leaping to his own. And he . . . he was dead! No, no; he was not dead, he must not be dead! If she only knew how to reach him. . . . 'It is we who make our dead dead.' He must be somewhere. By that very craving of her whole being for him he must exist to answer it. And wheresoever he was, the cry of her soul must surely reach him and call him back to her.

Outside, in the winter sunshine, a robin began to pipe. The exultant beating of her heart slowed down; the eddy that had seized her fell away from her. Her spirit, that had seemed about to be caught up into some realm of ecstasy where pain was inextricably blent with joy, sank back into the material bondage. She heaved a great sigh and languidly took up the next sheet.

After his love cry, Harry English, too, had relapsed into the everyday cares; this entry was dated March 23.

My first act as C.O. here has been to reduce the rations one third. The dear old Major could not bring himself to do it. 'We'll have as good a time, boys, as can be expected in the circumstances, and then, by George, if they don't come to get us loose we'll make a rush for it. A man can die but once; but we won't die by inches, if I know it.' It was a jolly soldier's doctrine in its way, and had a dash of fatalism in it that suited our lads here down to the ground. But now that I have the management of the business, I cannot see my duty in that light. This fort is but a little peg in England's machinery—but lose a peg and who can tell what may happen to the machine! So your husband holds the fort, Rosamond, and will hold it to the last minute of the last hour, to the last pinch

of pea-flour and the last bag of gunpowder to blow the last of us up! And to-day we begin to draw in our belts.

Vane's got a touch of fever. He's never really looked up since the Major went. Poor little chap, he'll see plenty more. It has rained three nights and the men are drenched. Our sick list is increasing. Old Bethune's getting quite fit again, however, and that's a comfort to me. Queer chap, he lies on his back and reads an odd volume of Browning and hasn't a word to throw to a dog; and, with all his poetry, if I know him, not an aspiration or a thought except his men and his work.

April 1st.—The beginning of a new military year is not likely to add much to our store of anything, except appetite. Old Yufzul, the Khan, has been parleying with us, day after day, for the last week. He rigs up his blessed white rag, and up goes ours, and then comes the messenger—generally an aged woman, with one of the old devil's interminable letters. These never vary. He's ready to make the most favourable terms with us. First condition: surrender of the fort. . . . I send him back the same document with a polite note affixed—we keep all the decorum of civilised warfare! My conditions are simple: first, he is to lay down his arms unconditionally; then he is to send us in so many scores of sheep, so many measures of corn, and then I will see what I can do about making his peace with the Government of India. I end up with a delicate warning as to the flight of time. Down comes his rag, down comes ours, and the bullets begin to patter again!

The doctor has a bad opinion of Vane. He says he has no stamina. I never saw anyone waste so quickly. Poor little chap, and I who used to think him too pink and too plump! Leicester, the fellow, you know, we found in the fort here with his forty Goorkhas, goes and nurses him like a woman, in the intervals of business. I went to see him to-day—Vane, I mean. He seemed very low but quite conscious. I thought I worried him, so did not stop long. Leicester tells me he's deadly ashamed of himself for being ill, and thinks I must despise him. Good Lord!

Bethune's up.

April 3rd.—My sleep has gone. That's a weak thing for a soldier to have to confess. But I'm tough. I've got into the way of writing like this in the quiet hours. Not that night is always our quiet time, far from it. A black night is our worst enemy. We never know when the creatures will try and rush the fort. Last night we had a lively two hours of it, but I think they've had a lesson, and Rajab, my havildar, has suggested a plan for lighting the walls with pitch on little platforms hung out of the loopholes. If it works, we shan't be taken by surprise again.

We buried poor little Vane this morning. Whiteley came to me at eight o'clock last night and said he did not think he'd last out another twelve hours. I went to see him about eleven o'clock, but was no sooner in the room when they called the alarm from the tower—and we had a hot time of it. Our men were splendid, and I am thankful to say our casualties are comparatively few. Leicester made a sally with his Goorkhas, splendidly in the nick, and that settled the day, or rather the night, for us. There's been a good deal of wailing across the water this morning, at which you should see those little devils smile. In fact, the whole garrison would

ing in high spirits if it were not for Vane. Last night everyone, even the orderly in charge, ran away from him in the scrimmage. I thought of this, I knew it would be so, but, of course, we can't waste time on the dying at such a time. The moment the pressure was over I clambered up to his room. The dawn was just breaking; there he was, lying on the boards under the window. Poor little beggar! flat on his back, in his pyjamas, his carbine by his side. He'd been potting at them out of his window. He was not gone, though. He opened his eyes and grinned at me.

'I'm done for, sir,' he said. 'But it's not the fever. I'm hit, thank God!'

I lifted him up. Poor little chappy, he had a scratch along his ribs, but it would not have killed a mouse! 'You'll tell them,' he said, 'it was the wound, not the fever.'

'I'll have you down: "Killed in action,"' said I, loud into his ear. And he heard, though he was slipping away very fast. He grinned at me again, and then died without a sigh, his head on my breast, like a child.

This is the fifth week of siege.

I am haunted by your presence. We all dream a great deal when we sleep, these times. That's part of the game when one is half-starved. The fellows amuse themselves by telling their dreams at breakfast. It's almost like: 'What's the news?' when one meets at the club.

Bethune makes everyone laugh: he's so deadly matter of fact. 'I dreamed I was sitting down to a Porterhouse steak!' You should hear the boys yell! Leicester, now, yarns away at a magnificent rate. Of course it's half invention; he's a real Irishman; but he keeps us alive. It's as good as a mutton chop to us to see him come dancing into mess—such a mess!—twanging his banjo and singing some absurd lilt of his own making.

'You see, boys,' he says, with a piece of horse on his fork; 'to a fellow brought up on "potatoes and point," this is positively gorgeous!'

But I don't tell my dreams, Rosamond. They are yours and mine.

Once you looked at me with fear in your eyes. It was on board ship. I think if I had ever seen that shadow in your beautiful eyes again, I should have had it in me to throw myself into the sea. Oh! what could you fear in me, Rosamond?

It has been snowing again on the heights. I pity those who try to conquer the snow. You take it to your arms and try to warm it, and it goes from you in tears. Rosamond, you have been like the snow to me. How could I have ever aspired to you?—white child!

I think I am wandering—you are the rose-flower to me. My white rose—no! my red red rose—Rose of the World!

If they are coming over the snows to relieve us, it will go hard with them. Were it only not to disappoint the brave fellows, I'll hold on; but we are pulling the belt pretty tight. The worst of it is, I feel so terribly alive; I'll take as much killing as a wild cat. I have so much to live for: I have to come back to you! I can make such a fight for it yet. Rosamond, if I have to die, I'll die hard. Now Bethune will be like an old dog fox; he'll sit on his tail and show his teeth and let them have their will at the end without a sound—but I'll fight!

I dream, I dream. Rosamond, you came to me last night. First I saw the grey gnarled boughs of the old orchard trees at home grow, as it were, out of the darkness, naked as in the winter time. They broke into lovely leaf and blossom even as I looked . . . and then, loveliest flower of all, flowered your face among the rosy wreaths! You had a lace thing over your head, tied under the chin, and you were smiling and your cheeks were young and soft, your face was young and beautiful, but as I came close to you I saw that your hair—your golden hair—was white. I looked into your eyes, deep, deep, and they were wells of love. There was no fear of me in them, Rosamond, only love. And then we drew nearer and nearer to each other. And your lips met mine. Your lips—Rose of the World!

It was a dream of inexpressible sweetness to me and inexpressible comfort. When I woke up I had a perfume as of red roses in my mouth. I have riddled it all out for myself. I take it to mean that we shall, in spite of everything, meet again, and that I shall love you till you are old, and your hair is white, and that to me, because of our love, you will always be lovely in youth.

The want of you comes over me like fire, and I feel the marrow fail me in my bones.

Perhaps it is because you are the only woman I ever knew, that I love you so madly. Was it the influence of my dear old mother's high and simple theory of life, or was it by reason of my own energetic ambition of work and utility in this world, or is it merely some innate fastidiousness? . . . However it may be, I have never played with love. I never kissed a woman in love before I kissed you. Ah no, love, it was not for any of those reasons—it was because I was keeping myself for you! And now this single passion of my life is devouring me. I dreamed you lay on my heart last night.

Rosamond raised her eyes, to look unseeingly at the plaster walls before her. The ignorant thing that had been Rosamond English, that once had had such treasure given her, and knew it not; she had but placed her hand in his as a lost child places her hand in that of the first kind stranger who will lead her out of the desolate wood. Hers had been a privilege so rare that, to the eyes of the world, it seems to be a thing impossible—a man's virgin love. Too often had Lady Gerardine seen a meaning smile, under a white moustache, on lips that recalled complacently 'the little indiscretions of my youth'; too much had she seen herself, unwillingly, of the lives of the young men about her in the Residency not to realise this now. But then—Harry had been right—she had feared him, feared this strong and chaste passion, feared these virgin ardours; feared the man who had brought her his whole heart, whose eyes had never even looked on sin.

There was a great silence about her. The fire was dead; the

day was closing in; the robin had flown away. Extinct hearth, bleak falling twilight, empty room, silence itself seemed to cry to her with one great voice: 'Too late . . . too late!'

And the gloom and the desolation of the deserted old house, on the waste English downs, were fit accompaniments to the slow agony in that fort, clinging on the bare flank of Himalayan crags, far away, under the eternal snows; agony over now and world-forgotten, but re-enacted for her alone, who had refused herself at the right hour to her share in it.

CHAPTER XIV.

DESPONDENCY was beginning to creep over even Harry English's dauntless spirit: in the next sheet Rosamond took up—she had to peer closer now in the gathering dusk—for the first time he expressed doubt of their reunion.

You will go back to England (he wrote). You will go to the old Mother. My poor girl, I feel as if I had broken your life. But you are young and she is very strong. She will take you to that deep heart of hers, where I have been so well all my life; and you will both always remember that it is for England. And if you forget me, oh Rosamond, my Rosamond, you are young, you will forget!—no, I will write no more in this strain. . . . I won't bind you; but there are things that a man in his living flesh cannot regard without rebellion, whatever his sense of justice may tell him. The dead will be quiet. Sometimes I think I am a little mad. . . .

You will like to know how this old place looks that you have, all unconsciously, filled with your presence these days, these nights. . . .

The valley is set in a sort of scoop between the mountains, and all round there are the peaks, snow-covered. The river runs brawling from east to west, where the plateau is narrowed between the two huge buttresses of rock which almost close the valley; the water falls there a pretty good height, and on quiet nights one can hear the churn of the rapids. The fort is built on the right bank, and on that side we are safe from attack, as the ledges are very precipitous. It is thus too we get our water, our salvation. But this is becoming increasingly difficult, in spite of our trenches, as the fellows over there are getting to know the range pretty closely.

The valley is beginning to grow beautifully green, but the rocks above and all about are grey and drab and arid all the year round, and the snows never pass. It is over the snows our help must come. In our courtyard we have an almond tree, in blossom. I think of you, of your face under the bridal veil.

The flag, Rosamond, the old flag! What creatures we are with our symbols! So long as the spirit is enclosed in the flesh, so long must we grope in our efforts of expression. You can't conceive what this rag means to us, riddled with bullets, bleached, draggled! . . . We are all in high spirits to-day. I doubt if

even a score of fat sheep could have so cheered the garrison as our half-hour tussle on the roof, and the triumphant fact that the flag was not lowered, even for an instant. They gave us a hot time between seven and eight this morning; two or three of our best were bowled over, and I saw that our fellows had lost heart a bit—there's just a bad moment, Rosamond, between the glory of the fight and the last desperation; and that's a dangerous moment! Well, as if the fates were against us, the flagstaff was struck, repeatedly, and all at once, in the thick of it, we heard it crack and saw it bend. There was not a man but turned his head. Rosamond, that flag's their fetish! It's astonishing how quickly one can take in a thing at an instant like that. I seemed to see all at once the change that swept over the dark faces. You know how the whole aspect of a field of corn can be changed in a moment by a puff of wind. I made one spring for the breaking pole and caught it just in time. And then I held it high, as high as I could, crying out to them in such a flood of Hindustani as never fell from my lips before. God knows what I said, or didn't say! But they can do with a lot of talk, these boys of ours. I must have looked like a madman, I know I felt like one. One gets sort of light-headed in the fight, now and again. I felt as if I were growing taller, as if the old flag were lifting me up higher and higher. The bullets played about us like spray, and not one hit me. As for the boys—well, my madness got into them somehow—they fell to like devils; they shot like angels; it was as if magic wine had been poured into them. I don't suppose even the oldest soldier among us had seen anything like it before. We made a record score, I can tell you!

Now it's over, I look back and think that we were all possessed. But it's had a useful effect on the Khan and his tribes, for they had the worst of that hour, and the flag was not lowered, not an inch. I never let it out of my hands till a new pole had been spliced on—a stout one, you may be sure. And this is a happy garrison to-day. You should hear the Goorkhas jabbering and laughing over their half-ration of rice. We have served out extra rum. They've drunk the great white Empress's health, and are quite sure now that anything belonging to her must be safe.

As for me, the poor superstitious creatures have begun to regard me as a small god; they think I bear a charmed life. Rosamond, if that flag had fallen, there is no knowing if we could have held the men. And if we'd lost the fort, I should never have seen you again, for we four Englishmen could not let it go before our lives. The fellows are all kicking up an idiotic fuss about my share in the business—it makes a man feel such a fool to be made a hero of for nothing. Rosamond, did I even do my duty? Then, even then, upholding my country's flag, the fury of my thoughts was all with you: If the flag falls I shall never see her again—that was what I was saying to myself. God knows I am no hero.

No hero!

Rosamond's heart was beating high, her eye had kindled, her cheek was glowing. Was he not a hero? Her Harry! She could see him towering in his strength—the 'archangel' of Bethune's description; the born leader, stimulating his starving men to unheard-of valour!

But the end was drawing near. She must read on. The darkness had gathered so close that she had to light a candle and put it beside her on the floor. This she did mechanically, hardly aware of her own action—so bent upon her single thought. The handwriting had become irregular; it sprawled upon the page.

The hunger is nothing, it's the thirst! People who slowly starve can bear hunger, but thirst is an active devil. They've found an enfilading spot commanding our trench to the water. We lost three men in succession two days ago. Dug all day yesterday to strike a well, no success. To-day it's gone hard with us. Last night, I think I'd a touch of fever; you were so mixed up in my mind with my thirst that it seemed to me it was the want of you made me suffer so much. I found myself, found my dry tongue, calling for you, clamouring out loud in the silence. Ah, there are miles and miles of mountains between us! This is worse than death.

They've heliographed from the hills; the relief is in sight. They've had an awful time in the snows, and half the fellows are blind. They will have to recoup a bit before they can strike. But they have guns and that ought to settle it. Meanwhile we can't wait—we're going to run up a fresh trench to the water, if we lose twenty men by it.

The job is done. Leicester managed it splendidly with less loss than we expected. But he's got a nasty wound in the hip. We've got water again—Rosamond, Rosamond, when will you hold the cup for me to drink?

The first gun went to-day. They haven't got to the right spot yet, but such as it was the shooting flustered the ant-hill down there, finely. For two days Yufzul has left us in peace and meanwhile the guns on the hill get closer and pound away. But the enemy shows no sign of packing yet. The Khan is a tough old boy; we'll have a tussle for it yet. They've flashed to say they are ready up there. We shall co-operate.

This last sheet but one was dated April 15, 8 A.M.

The next entry was marked 3 P.M. of the same day.

In measure as the relief approaches, I know not why, my hopes go down. Rosamond—oh, if I should never see you again! What will you do with your life? You will have my mother, though that may not be for long, and there is enough to keep you both from want, thank God, under the roof of the Old Ancient House. Go to her there; at least for the first. And then and then—I won't bind you.

If we had had a child you would be more mine!

I wish we had another night, even in this trap of death. I might perhaps dream of you once more. The dead won't dream. Perhaps that is best. What if we should never meet again!

Rosamond's breath came short, shudders ran through her. She laid down in its turn this record of the fever of a man's mind and took up the last sheet. The last sheet! This was, indeed, the end! It was dated, carefully written without any of the wildness or disjointedness of the previous entries. The strong man, on

the verge of action would do all things as became a soldier, even to his final letter to his beloved.

Rosamond, my wife, I have decided to lead the counter-attack myself to-night. Leicester is incapacitated. Bethune's head is stronger than mine, now, and should the suspense be longer delayed and the relief fail, he will make a better job of it than I should here. Yufzul shows no sign of budging, and we begin to suspect he is reckoning on fresh reinforcements. Do not think that I should throw away that life which belongs to you without just reason. When you get this letter (perhaps after all I shall come back to-night to tear it up) you will know that I went out with the full acceptance of the inevitable.

God keep you, Rosamond! My mother taught me to believe. I could not have remembered her all these years of manhood and forgotten my God. And to-night I am strong. What is to be, will be right. I kneel before you and I kiss your sweet hands, and I bless you.—Your HARRY.

The woman read and dropped the letter on her lap. Was that all? The end, the end! It was impossible. He could not have left her like that. There must be more from him. One word, one last word. And she did not even know how he died. There was no God, or life could not be so cruel!

She was tearing, with maddened fingers, in the depths of the box. . . . Why will women hoard the orange blossom of their bridal hopes that it may torture them with its hideous relentless sweetness, when fate has fulfilled its mockery upon them!

Harry's pocket-book—the familiar old pocket-book! It fell apart in her hands. A portrait. . . . Her own face looked out on her with serious girl's eyes. She flung it from her: she had nothing in common with that creature. Then she caught it up again and kissed the worn leather with wild passion. Dear fingers had touched it. He had worn it, who knows, over his dear heart. . . . Plans, service notes—'range to the shoulder of the North Bluff works out at 1,300.' Lists of stores, calculations of stores and rations, gone over and over again. Oh, misery, there is sorrow beyond what human strength can bear! To think of him in these sordid straits of hunger, to stay on that thought is more than she can do and live. And she cannot die yet: she must know first.

Ah! a letter, still in its envelope inviolate, addressed to Mrs. Harry English. Not his the hand. Oh, then, it is that he is dead now indeed! Broken woman with her belated grief, what wonder that her brain should work confusedly!

It was Mrs. English in very truth—fresh widowed, her boding heart telling her, but too surely, what last bitter detail she would find in this stranger's letter—who broke the seal at last after so many years.

DEAR MRS. ENGLISH.—We have wired to your friends to break the bad news to you. You will want to hear all about it. I suppose you know by this time, broadly speaking, what happened to us. We were hard pressed. The relief force—worn out by the march across the snows—was not strong enough to take the hill, which was the key of the position, unassisted. It was agreed that we should co-operate. English insisted on taking charge of the party. We all knew it was a forlorn-hope business, and the men had a superstitious feeling about him; with anyone else they would not have gone with the same spirit. It was an hour before dawn, and the fight went on till sunrise. We—such of us as were left in the fort, hardly an able-bodied man except myself and Whiteley, the surgeon—did not know which way it was going with us till dawn, when we found the enemy in retreat. Then our men and the relief party came straggling in; none of us were up to pursuit, and we began to count our loss. English had saved us with his life. He had succeeded in capturing and holding the post on the hill, completely occupying the enemy's attention, until the guns of the relief force came down upon their flank. It was carried through by a stroke of genius, but it was absolute sacrifice. Only a third of his splendid fellows have come back to us—and English is gone.

His jemadar saw him fall (he swears it must have been instant death) amid the Ghasi swordsmen, and then in the rush they were swept apart. Mrs. English, you have the right to know the complete truth. We have been unable to recover any of our dead or wounded. The enemy carried them away; and, as we watched them in their retreat, we saw them strip the dead and roll them over the crags into the rapids. We shall not have Harry English's grave—but would he have desired a better one than the great cold mountain waters, in the desolate valley, utmost boundary of that Empire whose honour he died for? He will live in the hearts of his countrymen. To you I dare not offer any other words of consolation. What he was to us, these days of trial, I have no power to express. Without him we should have come badly through this business. What he was to me—forgive me, I can write no more. All his papers I have placed together. They will be brought to you with this letter. His last letter to his mother was mailed to England.—Yours truly,

RAYMOND BETHUNE.

Rosamond stared. Raymond Bethune.—So it was he who wrote. She had not recognised his hand.

Stupidly she sat, stunned. Then the wave gathered, reared itself and broke upon her, overwhelming, drenching her with waters of irremediable bitterness! Dead—he was dead—she had lost him. He had suffered hunger and thirst and fever, and longing for her and anguish of mind, and doubt; he had been hacked with swords, his beloved body had been dragged over the rocks, flung bleeding, perhaps still quick, into the swirling flood. But all this was nothing. All they had worked upon him was nothing compared with what she, his chosen one, had done! Faithless, betrayer of his love, what part could Lady Gerardine have with anything of Harry English? Even Bethune, even that cold, hard man, had been one with the old stricken mother in loyalty of grief. 'He

will live in the hearts of his countrymen.' It was his wife who had thrust him away among the dead, to be forgotten.

'It is we who make our dead dead.' For her now he must always be dead. On earth and in heaven alike she had lost him. What meeting could there ever be for her and him again, since she had given herself to another man ; since she had willed him dead, in her cowardice ; in base self-indulgence refused her soul to the dear and holy sorrow of his living memory ?

She flung herself face downwards among his papers. No tears came to her relief, no blessed unconsciousness. For her there was no God ; for her there could be no heaven, naught was left her but the hell of her own making !

CHAPTER XV.

THREE times since that first fruitless summons to lunch had Aspasia come to the door of the attic. Twice, with the engaging practicality of her nature, she had carried up a little tray. She would fain minister to a mind diseased, with soup or with tea, knowing no better medicine. Each time, however, her gentle knocking, her coaxing representations through the keyhole, had produced not the least response. But the girl's ear had caught the rustling of papers within ; and, satisfied that there was nothing worse than one of her Aunt's moods to account for the persistently closed door and the silence, she had withdrawn with her offering, more irritated, perhaps, than anxious.

Now, however, as she knocked and rattled at the handle and implored admittance, there was a double pressure of anxiety upon her ; the demands of unexpected events without, and a new, death-like stillness within.

'Oh, dear,' cried Baby, 'what shall I do, what shall I do !'

She thought of summoning Major Bethune to her aid ; but shrank, with the repugnance of some unformed womanly reticence.

'I must get in,' she said to herself, desperately ; and flung all her young vigour against the door. To her joy, the socket of the bolt yielded with unexpected ease. She fell almost headlong into the room, and then stood aghast. There lay Lady Gerardine, prone on the floor, among the strewn papers, the flickering candle by her side.

For a second the girl's heart stopped beating. The next moment

she could have cried aloud with joy. Rosamond had not even fainted; but, as she raised herself and Baby saw the face that was turned to her, the girl realised that here was hardly an occasion for thanksgiving; and her own lips, trembling upon a tremendous announcement, were struck silent.

'Oh, my poor darling!' cried she, catching the stricken woman in her arms, 'what is it?'

With a moan, as of physical pain, Rosamond's head dropped on her niece's shoulder.

'You're cold, you're worn out,' said the girl. 'Those dreadful letters, and this place like an ice-house! Aunt Rosamond, darling——' She chafed the cold hands vigorously as she spoke. 'You must be starved, too. Oh, and I don't know how to tell you! Let me bring you down to your own room—there's tea waiting for you, and such a fire! Aunt Rosamond, you must rouse yourself. Here, I'll put these papers by.'

The one thing that could stir Rosamond from her torpor of misery was this.

'Don't touch them,' she said. Her toneless voice seemed to come from depths far distant. She laid her wasted hands over the scattered sheets, drawing them together to her bosom; and then, on her knees, fell again into the former state of oblivion of all but her absorbing pain.

Frenzied with impatience and the urgency for action, Baby now blurted out the news which the sight of Lady Gerardine's drawn countenance caused her to withhold:

'Runkle's come!'

The woman kneeling half turned her head. A change passed over her rigid countenance.

'Yes; Runkle's here,' went on Baby ruthlessly, raising her voice as if speaking to the deaf. 'Uncle Arthur is here; he has come over in a motor—a party of them. Aunt Rosamond, your husband is here.'

A long shudder shook the kneeling figure. It was as if life returned to its work; and, returning, trembled in nausea from the task before it. A deep sullen colour began to creep into Lady Gerardine's white cheek. She bent over the gaping box and dropped into it her armful of papers. Then she looked over her shoulder at Aspasia, and drew down the lid.

'My husband! . . . My husband is dead,' she said.

The girl's blood ran cold. Had the hidden terror taken shape

at last? The words were mad enough; yet it was the fierce light in Rosamond's eyes that seemed most to signal danger.

But Aspasia was not timid, and she was not imaginative. And Lady Gerardine's next action, the cry which escaped her lips, at once pierced to every tender helpful instinct of the girl's heart, and banished the paralysing fear.

'Oh, Baby,' cried she, springing to her feet and stretching out her arms in hopeless appeal, 'what have I done! What is to become of me?'

Once more Baby's arms were about her. Baby, great in the emergency, was pouring forth consolation, expostulation, counsel.

'Look here, Aunt Rosamond; it's really only for a little while; you'll have to show, you know, but they can't stay. Their blessed motor broke down, or something, and they ought to have been here hours ago. Now they can only stop for a cup of tea, if they are to get back to-night. You must just pull yourself together for half an hour—just half an hour, Aunt Rosamond! Leave me to manage. All you've got to do is to smile a bit, and let Runkle do the talking. They want us all to go to Melbury Towers to-morrow, Major Bethune and everybody. That's what they've come over for.'

Lady Gerardine put the girl from her roughly.

'I'm not going there,' she said.

'Of course not,' said wise Baby, soothing. 'But we must put him off somehow. To-morrow you can be ill or something. Do, Aunt Rosamond, darling, be sensible. Don't make things harder. For heaven's sake don't let us have a row—that would be worse than anything! I know you're not well enough to stand poor old Runkle just now; it's your dear nerves. But just for half an hour—for the sake of being free of him. Oh, Aunt, you used to be so patient! Come, they'll be in upon us in one minute. Luckily they've all been busy over that machine, pulling its inside to pieces. Come to your room, now, and have your tea and tidy a bit. And I'll keep them at bay, till you are ready.'

She half dragged, half led Lady Gerardine to the warm shelter of her own room. She stood over her till the prescribed tea had been taken; then, hearing the Old Ancient House echo to the footsteps of its unexpected visitors, she announced her intention of running to look after them.

'I've told Runkle already that you've a beastly headache,' she cried, with her cheerful mendacity. 'I won't let him up

here, never fear; but I'll come and fetch you down, when I've started them on Mary's scones. If you just do your hair a bit—Lord, there goes six o'clock, they can't stay long, that's one blessing!'

Left to herself, with the stimulating comfort of the tea doing its work upon her weary frame, Lady Gerardine viewed her position with some return to calmness. This odious burden that she had laid upon herself, she must lift it awhile once more; and it should be for the last time. She who for years had played the hypocrite placidly would play it now again though the tempest raged within her. For the future she must have time. Before she could act, she must think. For this present sordid moment—the child was right—there must be no scandal; above all not here, in this sacred house of his, where even she, unworthy, had recognised the presence of the dead.

She sat down before the mirror and shook her long hair loose.

The sound of voices, of laughter, rose confusedly from the drawing-room below. She set her teeth as the well-known note of Sir Arthur's insistent bass distinguished itself from the others. How had she endured it for five years?

Doors were slammed, and then, the light thud of Baby's footsteps scurrying hither and thither like a rabbit; her calls in the passage brought a vague smile to Lady Gerardine's lips.

Up to a certain point only is the human organisation capable of pain. After that comes the respite of numbness. Rosamond was numbed now. Mind and heart alike refused to face the point of agony; only the most trivial thoughts could occupy her brain. Idly she pulled the comb through the warm gold of her hair; idly she weighed which would be the least effort to her weary limbs, that of twisting up those tresses herself or rising to ring the bell for Jani.

Presently her eyes wandered to the portrait that hung just over her dressing-table. She shifted both candlesticks to one side to throw their light full upon it.

Baby came in as upon the wings of a gust of wind.

'The most dreadful thing,' she panted, in a flurried whisper; arrested herself in her canter across the room, and plunged back to shut the open door; 'my poor, poor darling: they're going to stay the night!'

Lady Gerardine flung apart the girl's arms as if the embrace strangled her. Their eyes met in the mirror. Then the woman

shot a glance round the room, a glance so desperate that the other, child as she was, could not but understand.

'Oh, you're safe—safe for the moment anyhow,' she blurted out, 'I've been lying like Old Nick. I said you'd just taken a phenacetin, and that if you were disturbed now you wouldn't be fit to lift your head all the evening. But you'll have to come down to dinner; you can get bad again afterwards, can't you? Runkle's quite injured already. He's been having such a jolly time lately; he thinks it harder than ever on him that you should still be ill. And Lady Aspasia——'

'Lady Aspasia,' repeated the other, mechanically.

'Yes, that abominable woman with the ridiculous name, she's there! And Dr. Châtelard; you remember, the pudgy Frenchman? We've got to house them all somewhere, and to feed them. It's desperate——'

Aspasia checked her speech; for Lady Gerardine had risen from her chair with an abrupt movement and stood staring blankly into the mirror.

Poor Aspasia had had sufficient experience already of her Aunt's moods, but this singular attitude affected the girl in so unpleasant a fashion that she felt as if she ought to shake the staring woman, pinch her, shout at her, do anything to call her out of this deadly torpor!

'Aunt Rosamond,' she cried, raising her voice sharply in the hope of catching the wandering attention, 'I've told Sarah about the rooms and ordered fires to be lit; and I've seen Mary about the dinner. The poor Old Ancient House, Runkle's crabbing it already like anything! But we'll show them it can be hospitable, won't we?'

'Yes,' said Rosamond, 'yes.' The hectic colour deepened on her cheek. The widened unseeing pupil contracted with a flash of answering light. 'Baby, you're a good child. It shall give the right hospitality—his house.'

Aspasia drew a deep sigh of relief.

'Mary thinks she can have dinner in an hour,' she said. 'Oh Lord, what a piece of business! And—and you'll come down, won't you?'

She rubbed her coaxing cheek against her Aunt's shoulder.

'Yes. I'll come down.'

'I'll dress you,' said Baby, her light heart rising buoyantly under what seemed such clearing skies. She nodded. 'Oh, dear,

I've such a desperate lot of things to do ! There's the wine.' She slapped her forehead. 'I'd forgotten the wine.' And the door closed violently behind her tempestuous petticoat. As a companion to a neurasthenic patient Miss Cuninghame no doubt had her weak points.

Rosamond sank slowly back in her chair ; her hand fell inertly before her.

When the girl returned after an hour's exceeding activity the elder woman's attitude had not altered by a fraction. But the exigency of time and social requirements left Aspasia no leisure now to linger over doubts and fears. Her own cheeks were pink from rapid ablutions ; her crisp hair stood out more vigorously than ever after determined manipulation. She pealed a bell for Jani and fell herself upon the golden mass covering Lady Gerardine's shoulders, her chattering tongue in full swing :

'Of course, the poor wretches are in their motor garments. (You never saw anything like Runkle in a pony skin and goggles. He's more motist than the *chauffeur*.) So I've only just stuck on a blouse, you see. But I've determined you shall be beautiful in a tea-gown. Lord, I'd no idea Lady Aspasia was so tremendous ! I want *you* simply to be beautiful !'

Deft hands twisted and coiled.

'It was Runkle, you know, who broke the motor : he insisted on driving and jammed them sideways in a gate. He's awfully pleased with himself. It's Lady Aspasia's motor. She calls Runkle, Arty : what do you think of that ? Ah, here's Jani. Which shall it be—the white and gold ? I love the white and gold, Aunt Rosamond.'

'Black—black,' said Rosamond.

(To be continued.)

THE TERCENTENARY OF 'DON QUIXOTE'

(Published at Madrid, January 1605.)

ADVENTS we greet of great and small,
 Much we extol that may not live,
 Yet to the new-born type we give
 No care at all!

This year, three centuries past, by age
 More maimed than by LEPANTO'S fight,
 This year CERVANTES gave to light
 His matchless page,

Whence first outrode th' immortal Pair,—
 The half-crazed Hero and his hind,—
 To make sad laughter for mankind;
 And whence they fare

Throughout all Fiction still, where chance
 Allies Life's dullness with its dreams,—
 Allies what is with what but seems,—
 Fact and Romance :—

O Knight of fire and Squire of earth !
 O changing give-and-take between
 The aim too high, the aim too mean,
 I hail your birth,

Three centuries past, in sunburned SPAIN,
 And hang, on Time's PANTHEON wall,
 My votive tablet to recall
 That lasting gain !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A WELSH RECTOR OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

'I MUST tell you this indeed,' as the Reverend John Hopkins, Rector of Rhoscolyn, always began his stories; but I wish I could tell you what I have to tell in his own delightful accent. For the form of words, 'I must tell you this indeed,' was only, I think, a trick of speech he used in order to give himself time to translate his Welsh thought into the English tongue, and his English tongue, when it spoke, gave something of the rhythm and music of the Welsh to the foreign language he was using. His was a curious Welsh accent, unlike any I have heard. For though he had lived in the pure and bracing atmosphere of Anglesey—where, as in all the other Welsh counties I have been in, they assure me the most classical Welsh is spoken—yet the rector did not speak with the Anglesey tongue, being a South Wales man himself, a 'Hwntw' in the phrase of the North, or 'man from beyond.' And the beyond he had sprung from was, I believe, in the neighbourhood of Merthyr. He was a son of the soil and of the school of Lampeter, and—the rectory of Rhoscolyn being in the gift of the Bishop of Llandaff—he had, when I first knew him, been sent some twenty years ago to minister on this out-of-the-way rock, and there he remained to the day of his death. The rector's duties included ministering in two distant chapels, Llanfair-yn-Neubwll and Llanfihangel-y-Traeth, which was performed by deputy, but wholly or partly at his cost. In the days of Elizabeth, the whole of the duties were performed for ten pounds five shillings; nowadays, I believe, the living is worth nearly two hundred pounds.

But though, as I said, there was the song in his words that there is in all right-spoken Welsh, and the high note lovingly dwelt on towards the end of the sentence, which only a Welshman can produce without effort, yet I am not artist enough to describe to you in words the difference of the rector's speech from that of his neighbours, only, 'I must tell you this indeed,' that so it was and always is, I am told, with the 'men from beyond.'

The Rector of Rhoscolyn was a bachelor, a man of stout

build and middle stature. He had the air of a Friar Tuck about him. His eyes were merry and kindly. If he had changed his long rusty black coat and clerical hat for a cassock and cowl, he would have been a monk after Dendy Sadler's own heart. He loved his pipe and his glass, when the day's work was done, and the talk of books and men, with those who had lived in the outer world, was to him the rarest and most delightful of pleasures. He was outspoken, simple, and generous; an earnest believer in his creed and his Church, a lover of music, and above and beyond all, a man who attracted to himself animals and little children as if by instinct, and gained their love as only those who suffer them to come without affectation can do. He seemed, as far as I could see, to have no enemies. I think it was a weakness in his character—a Christian weakness—that he shrank from causing annoyance or hurt to anyone's susceptibilities. I was his neighbour for some seven summer weeks, and five evenings out of seven we smoked our pipes together, and he poured out to very willing ears the tales of his lonely parish, but I scarce remember an unkindly story among them all. If there was a tale that he feared might give pain in the repetition, it was always prefaced by a smile of great candour, and as he began, 'I must tell you this indeed,' he placed his forefinger on his broad nostril and said in a sly merry whisper, with a great rolling of the letter 'r': 'This is *inter-r-r nos*.' That is why some of his best stories cannot be set down here.

But, to understand the man and his ways, you must know how and where he lived. For the surroundings and the man were as if Nature had designed the one for the other, and he was as much in his place in his rectory, on the side of the Mynydd Rhoscolyn, as the Sarn Cromlech is on the slopes of Cefnamlwch. Rhoscolyn is a typical Anglesey parish. No doubt, when Mona was one of the Fortunate Islands, it had a Druid temple and a Druid priest, and if the latter had come back to the site of his temple he would have found little of change. A church, a plâs, a post-office, a rectory, a lifeboat, and a few farmhouses in sheltered corners; but the rest is as it always was. The eternal rocks, the restless waves rushing up into the black water caves, the steep cliffs crumbling a little day by day, the cruel, sharp island rocks hidden at high water and marked by the spray and swirl of the tide as it sinks away from the shore, the purple heather and yellow gorse clothing the cliffs to the edge of the sky, the samphire finding a fearful footway between earth and sea, and, above all, the wild bees humming their eternal

summer song, and the fresh breezes, always pure, always sweet, always sweeping backwards and forwards across the promontory. Those things were there in the days of the Druids, and they are there to-day.

And in Roman times Rhoscolyn was of more note than it is now, for some say that the name of it is derived from a Roman column that was placed here to signify the utmost bounds of Roman victories. Whether this be true or not, we have in the name Bodior—which is still the squire's house—the governor's habitation, and in the neighbouring Priseddfod the *Præsidi Locus*; or, at least, this is what antiquaries tell us, and it is comfortable to believe these things. Telford and his new road thrust Rhoscolyn further away from civilisation, and the railway brought it no nearer as it sneaked into Holyhead, across the Traeth-y-grubyn, behind the shelter of the road embankment. For Holyhead is on an island, and the old main road, with that instinct for the line of least resistance which in old highways tends to such picturesque results, kept south of the wide marsh and crossed the water at Four Mile Bridge—Rhyd-y-bont Pennant calls it, and he rode over it, and knew at least as much of Wales as an ordnance surveyor of to-day. There you can see the most beautiful sunset views of the Holyhead Mountain, at the head of the open water, when the tide is high; and if you turn your back to the town, you will find Rhoscolyn within a couple of miles of Four Mile Bridge and six miles south of Holyhead.

The rectory stands on the slope of the Rhoscolyn Mountain—there are no hills in Wales to speak of, for we speak of them all as mountains. It is four-square, whitewashed, and has a slate roof. There are no trees round it. The only trees in Rhoscolyn are an imported plantation at the *plás*. There are a few thorn-bushes in the hedgerows, but the wind has carved them into finger-posts, pointing consistently eastward, and they scarcely look like trees at all. The rectory is surrounded by substantial farm buildings, for the rector is a farmer. His old mare, Polly, and the low gig are well-known figures in Holyhead market, and he tells you with a farmer's pride that all through the winter his evening supper is oatmeal porridge and milk, the produce of his own farming. He had no relish, he told me, for oatmeal that was bought at a shop, for he had a countryman's delight and belief in the home-made. His was a good herd of cows, and he knew each by name, and, like all true Welshmen, could call them to him as he walked through his

fields. Different Welsh districts seem to have different calls for their cattle, and the real Nevin call, for instance, is another thing altogether from the Rhoscolyn call. These things are a mystery, and are well understood by the cows themselves, who will shake their heads contemptuously at the Saxon imitator.

The church is a pretty modern building, with a belfry, standing on an eminence away from other buildings. The post-office where I was living is its nearest neighbour. There are no streets in Rhoscolyn, nor has it any centre square. It is a parish rather than a village, and its few hundred inhabitants live in scattered farms and cottages. There are generally a few artist visitors, for Rhoscolyn is almost another Sark for the rock-painter, and one or two families find summer homes in the neighbouring farms. There is bathing out of your tent, which you leave on the grass at the edge of the tiny bay, at the mercy of the winds and the little black bullocks that roam about in the flat marshes inland. There are rambles among the cliffs and the heather. An ideal place for a holiday for those who really want a holiday and are content with oxygen and rest.

I think, perhaps, I should have found seven weeks of Rhoscolyn more than enough, if it had not been for the rector. I had met him casually on an earlier visit, and looked forward to meeting him again. One evening, soon after I had arrived, I was walking for some distance behind him. He was in company with a Nonconformist minister, and at a turn in the road the two parted very amicably with a kindly shake of the hand. It is not always so in Wales. I ventured, when I got up to the rector, to make some remark to this effect. He did not at that time know whether or not I had any ecclesiastical leanings, and with great simplicity he remarked, 'I must tell you this indeed, Judge Parry: we must be charitable, you know, even to Dissenters.' I have often wondered whether the phrase would be acceptable to the authorities if it were inserted in the Welsh Church Catechism. As it was uttered and acted upon by the Rector of Rhoscolyn, it could give offence to no one who had the least charity and sense of humour.

The post-office was between the rectory and the outer world, and so the rector came in that evening, and many another evening afterwards, and I was always glad to hear the heavy scrunch of his boots on the loose gravel in front of the door. Seated in an armchair with a pipe, he would proceed to discourse at length of the affairs of the world and his parish with great simplicity and humour.

The recent Disestablishment Bill of Mr. Asquith had troubled him very much. 'I must tell you this,' he said: 'it has given rise to a great deal of ill-feeling. Very wicked things have been said indeed, and the pulpit has been used in the chapels on the Liberal side.'

I was glad to meet a clergyman of the Church of England in Wales who did not approve of this use of the pulpit, and asked him the kind of thing that had happened. 'I must tell you this indeed, though you will hardly believe it,' he began. 'There was a preacher at the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel at Llan——, who, on the eve of the election, told his congregation this. He said he had once been at a hanging—I suppose,' said the rector with a pleasant smile, 'that was the hanging of a late member of his congregation, but I do not know—and he went on to say it had been a terrible ordeal for him, and had made him very sick and ill. But he told his congregation quite solemnly that, if he knew any of them on the morrow were going to vote for the Conservatives, he would not only go to his hanging with pleasure, but he would be there to pull his legs.'

I am afraid I was more amused than shocked, for he added quickly, 'I must tell you it was terrible, and it sounds very much worse in Welsh indeed.'

I daresay the story had little foundation in fact; but, like all these election stories, each side firmly believes them for the moment, and as the rector said, 'it makes it very difficult not to be angry.'

The bitterness of the election seemed, however, to have quite passed away. By nature, the Welshman is Conservative, almost to the point of bigotry. This is particularly noticeable in his methods of agriculture, horticulture, and sanitation. When he is emancipated, and, like the Jew and the Catholic, his grievance is gone, it will be very interesting to note his further political development.

The rector was a great theologian, and enforced his views with liberal quotations from the Greek Testament, which he could recite in great quantity. He took a simple pride in his knowledge of the Greek, and used it on occasions, I must say, in a somewhat unsportsmanlike manner. He had much sympathy with the Baptists, and was an upholder of the ceremony of total immersion. He told me, more in sorrow than in anger, of the wicked outburst of a Particular Baptist whom he had encountered in a third-class carriage between Holyhead and Bangor.

'I must tell you this, Judge Parry—for you know I have a great weakness for the Baptists, and I should see no objection to the ceremony of total immersion being performed in our Church; well, to-day I met an old gentleman, a grave reverend man, with a white beard, in the train, and he asked me what views I had about baptism. Well, I told him, and then I found he wanted to speak very evil things about the ceremony of baptism in the English Church. So I quoted the Greek Testament to him to explain it, and I could see he did not understand it, so then I quoted a whole chapter to the fellow in Greek, and he got in a terrible rage and jumped up and shook his fist in my face, and said, "I will tell you what you are! You are nothing but a damned sprinkler! That's what you are!" Dear me, it was terrible for a reverend old man with a white beard to use such language to a rector, was it not?'

I asked him if he had ever performed a ceremony of total immersion as a minister of the Church of England, and he told me he had not, but he was very near it on one occasion. 'I must tell you this,' he continued; 'it was when I was a curate in Glamorganshire, a fellow, named Evan Jones, came to me and wanted to be baptized. Well, I knew he was a poacher and a bad fellow, and a Presbyterian, but he said he had never been baptized, so I said I would baptize him.

"But I want to be baptized like the Baptists do it," says he.

"Total immersion, you mean," says I. "Well, I will do it then for you, if my vicar will let me."

"Where will you do it?" asked Evan.

"It would be good to do it at the pond in the middle of the village on a Saturday afternoon, when the school children are there to see, and we can have a hymn," said I.

'Well, Evan did not like that idea at all, and wanted me to go up to a pool on the hills by a little bridge on the old mountain road; and I did not care to go up the hills with him alone, for he was a bad fellow. But he did not want anyone to come with us, for his wife objected to him being baptized, and he was afraid she might get to hear of it and cause a disturbance. Well, I decided it was my duty to go with the fellow, and I told him I would do so if my vicar would allow me. Now my vicar was a very shrewd, wise old man, and I was very eager to do this if it was for the good of the Church, so I went to him at once.

"What is it, Hopkins, my boy?" he said, looking up from a sermon he was writing.

"Evan Jones wants to be baptized."

"Who is Evan Jones?" asked the vicar.

"He is a poacher and a Presbyterian, and has never been baptized," I said.

"Well, baptize him then," said the vicar.

"But he wants to be immersed."

"Oh, indeed," cries the vicar; "Well, why not? Immerse him, if you like."

"But he wants me to go up on the hills and baptize him all alone in the pool by the bridge."

"What does he want that for?"

"I don't know," I said.

"But I do," said the vicar. "He will just be drowning you in the pool, and we shall have all the Dissenters going about saying Hopkins fell in the pool late at night, when he was coming home drunk, and that will be a very bad thing for the Church. No, I will have none of it at all."

"But what shall I tell him then?" I asked.

"Tell him to go to—the Presbyterians," says the vicar, and I knew well what he meant.

You rarely saw the rector going through the lanes without a few of the children of the parish at his heels. For they all loved him. He stuffed the pockets of his long black coat with sweets, and was never in too much of a hurry to have a chat with his young parishioners and hear the news of their families, and listen to the recital of a text from the Welsh Bible. He knew even more of his Welsh Bible by heart than his Greek Testament, and would correct the least slips in the recital. But when the text was said, it was duly rewarded by bull's-eyes and toffee, and a few kindly words of encouragement. I heard that, when he was dying, several of the shyest and wildest lads in the place used to haunt the rectory for news of their friend, and when the end came they would not believe that he was gone until they saw the coffin being carried from the house, and then they burst into a dismal howl of mourning and despair. Certainly, the Rector of Rhoscolyn was a friend to all the children under his care.

He did not shine as an English preacher, for to him it always remained a foreign language, though he was a great student of the English classics and always seeking to improve his English. Milton was a favourite author. His idea of winter happiness was to draw by the fire after his porridge supper and read Milton. As a Welsh

preacher he was sought after, and I have heard the chanting song of his eloquence through the open windows of the church, as I sat upon the hillside, many fields away, on a still summer evening. He read the service in English fairly well, with some curious tricks of pronunciation, and I remember that we 'hurried and strayed from thy ways' rather than 'erred,' which in these modern days sounded a very reasonable reading. But in a sermon, the foreign tongue with which he wrestled bravely and visibly sometimes threw him, and one still remembers with a smile phrases such as 'I must tell you this, said St. Peter,' and 'Excuse me'—another favourite form of words to gain time for translation—'Excuse me, but we are all mortal.' I think, in the use of the last phrase, there was an expression of his constant desire not to give pain, and perhaps a feeling that the well-dressed West-End English congregation that filled his little church from many miles round in the summer holidays were unused to hear these home truths in their own elegant tongue.

But the great charm of the service was the welcome he gave you. The Welsh service was ended, and the English service started at half-past eleven. The rector stood at the door of his church in a prehistoric but very square and dignified top-hat, shaking hands with all as they arrived. He used to scandalise the stricter brethren somewhat by his greeting to me. 'Good morning, Judge Parry, I am glad to see you. I saw you going down to bathe. I was afraid you would not be back in time for church. How was the water this morning?'

I think he was—like many another good man—at his very best in his own home. Many a visitor to Rhoscolyn will have taken part in one of his picnic cricket matches. We played in a field in front of the rectory, from which the grass had been recently mown with scythes. The pitch was of the nature of rough stubble; but as everyone played between the ages of two and seventy, without restraint of sex, there was, of course, no swift bowling, and the science of the game as we play it in the east was neither wanted nor missed. For there was great excitement and enthusiasm, and the heartiest cheering when the rector thundered across from wicket to wicket, and this was redoubled when, at length—having been technically out on several occasions—he gave up his bat from sheer fatigue, and hurried off to look after the preparations for his tea. His anxiety that the buns should arrive in time from Holyhead, and that the butter should be put on thickly, and that the tea

should be well brewed, makes his feasts more memorable to me than many an important banquet I have assisted at.

But in his own study, when two or three were gathered together, he was even more at ease and at home. He had never been a rich man, and had always been a lover of books, and his shelves were crowded with the most unkempt collection of dear friends that ever a book-lover had gathered together. Bindings were in many cases conspicuous by their absence, and in a series of volumes one or two were often missing. These were bargains he had picked up on some of his rare visits to English towns. The most of his books were theological, and many were Welsh; but the English classics were well represented. There were no decorative books. Favourite volumes were placed lengthways on the shelves instead of upright, with slips of paper in them, so that the passages he wished to read again could be readily found. He was, I fancy, a slow reader and a thoughtful one. I was often astonished at the passages from Milton and Shakespeare he could quote. These he translated in thought, he told me, into Welsh, to get their real meaning into his mind.

I have heard say that he was eloquent in extempore prayer, and I can well believe it. He used to be very indignant over the alleged shortcomings of some of the Nonconformists in this respect. 'I must tell you this indeed,' he said: 'there are fellows who will repeat the most beautiful passages of our beautiful Prayer-book in a chapel, and pretend to the poor people it is extempore prayer. I wonder what they think! Do they think God has never heard our Prayer-book at all?' Then he would speak with great respect of the powers of extempore prayer of some of the great Welsh Nonconformist divines, but he always wound up in a spirit of sportsmanlike churchmanship rather than boasting: 'Excuse me, but I think I could pray extempore against any of them.'

One of the sights of the rectory was the kitchen. It was a bright example of cleanliness, comfort, and hospitable warmth. In it was the only musical instrument in the house, an harmonium, and here, of an evening, the rector came to play over the Welsh hymns which he and his servants loved to sing. The rector was always rather in fear of his housekeeper, and spoke of her with the affectionate awe that a capable domestic rightly inspires in a confirmed old bachelor. I have no doubt that his habit of friendliness with all the children of the parish who visited the rectory freely, and at their own moments, made dirt and trouble for the household

authorities, whose views of children were more practical than the rector's, and born of a wider and different experience of their ways and habits.

I remember him telling me, one Sunday evening, a story that, I think, must have been very characteristic of the man and his methods with the little ones about his gate. The story arose quite naturally, and he told it with pleasure, but without the least suspicion that it was in any way a story to his own credit.

'Did you see that young fellow at the church door this morning with a top-hat and a black coat, and a gold watchchain?' he asked.

'I did not notice him,' I said.

'Dear me! I must tell you this,' he said. 'Have I never told you of "Schoni-bach"?' The name 'Schoni-bach'—the 'Sch' was soft, and the 'o' moderately long—was, I felt sure, a Welsh equivalent for Little Johnny, and I waited with interest to hear more about him.

'It is a long time ago,' continued the rector, 'since Schoni's father died. You know the thatched cottage on the shore! Well, he lived there. He was the strongest man in the parish, and he could get underneath a cart, a big farm cart, and lift it on his back. On market day, he would go to Holyhead and make bets he could lift a cart, and he would win a lot of money, as much as half-a-crown or three shillings sometimes. But he was not a temperate man, and one day he had been drinking in Holyhead, and they got him to lift a cart, when he slipped, and the cart broke his back, and he died. Well, his widow had three little children, and Schoni-bach was the eldest. And they wanted her to go to the workhouse, but she would not go. And they were very poor, for she was not strong, poor woman, and there was very little work for her to do, and the little children were often starving. They were wild, naked, shy little things, and would never come near anyone. The poor mother had frightened them by telling them that they would be taken to the workhouse, and if a stranger came near the house they ran up to the mountain-side and hid among the heather. However, one day I found little Schoni on the hillside near the rectory. He looked very thin and starved, so I brought him down the hill, and gave him a slice of bread and some butter-milk, and he ate it like a dog, I tell you. I told him to come down again, but I was out next day, and he came with his wet, bare feet into the kitchen, and my housekeeper sent him off, I think. However, the day after, I was writing my sermon, and

there came a tap at my own side-door—a very gentle, little tap—and I went to the door, and there was Schoni-bach, a little ragged, yellow-haired urchin with bare feet. So I went round to the kitchen, and got a loaf and some butter-milk, for the housekeeper was in the laundry, and the coast was clear. So I asked him where his little brother and sister were, and he went behind the laurel bush and dragged them out. For there they were in hiding all the time, more like little wild foxes than children. Well, indeed, after that, Schoni-bach would always bring them down and tap at my side door, and he always found out when the housekeeper was away; but how he did it I don't know. He must often have been lying hid about the house, waiting for an hour or more, but he was good friends with my dog, Gelert, who never barked at him at all. But he was very frightened of the housekeeper, who had scolded him for his dirty feet.

'Well, in the summer, they did not come so often, for there were bilberries and blackberries to gather, and more chances of work and food, and before winter came Schoni's uncle, who was a farmer in Canada, sent for him and paid his passage out, and a little after that he sent for his mother and the other children, and so they went away, and a very good thing it was, too, for all of them.

'Well, all this was many years ago. And last Thursday I was writing my sermon, and I heard old Gel start up and growl, and there was quite a gentle little tap at my side-door. I went to the door, for my housekeeper was out, and there was a big fellow with a top-hat and a black coat, and a gold watchchain. I knew what he would be after, so I said to him, "It is no use coming here to sell cattle spice and patent foods and gold watches, for we don't want them, indeed, in Rhoscolyn!"

'The fellow laughed a bit, and said: "Don't you know me, Mr. Hopkins?"

"Not a bit of it," I said.

"I have often knocked at this door before," he said.

"I don't believe you, indeed," I replied.

"Well, it is true," he said. And he looked straight at me, and I looked at him, and then I began to see him again just a little ragged, yellow-haired boy, and I cried out: "It is Schoni-bach! Little Schoni come back!" And I must tell you this, that I was so full of joy to see him again, I could have fallen on his neck and wept. Dear me, but I was glad to see him yet alive!

The rector sighed to think of the old days, and then went on:

'Yes, that was little Schoni outside the church this morning. He was a great fellow among all the young men there, indeed. "What do you think of Canada, Schoni?" they kept asking him. And all he did was to keep his hands in his pockets and rattle his money. That made them stare, I can tell you. Schoni-bach, with a black coat and a top-hat, and a gold watchchain, and his hands in his pockets rattling his money. That was something for these fellows who have stayed at home to see, wasn't it? Schoni-bach rattling his money—or, perhaps, it was only a bunch of keys. He was always a smart lad, was Schoni-bach.'

These stories of the old rector's seem very colourless without the music of his accent, the constant pauses for the whiff of the tobacco, and the kindly smile that accompanied them. To those who never knew him, any written portrait of the man must give but a faint echo of his personality; but to the many English visitors, artists, sportsmen, and others, who have found their way beyond the Four Mile Bridge to the ultimate corner of Anglesey, and there been made welcome by the rector, these recollections will, I doubt not, call to mind the memory of a kind friend, and a holiday made the brighter by his cheerful hospitality. Characters such as his seem to grow rarer day by day. Few men of his energy and enthusiasm would remain nowadays for a quarter of a century in so narrow a sphere, content with such a simple life. But the Reverend John Hopkins was more than content—he was happy. He had sprung from the people, and was by nature a farmer, and to live upon the land was to him to be at home. But, above all things, he was enthusiastic in his ministry. His qualities are set out without flattery on a bronze tablet that his friends erected in the church he loved so well:

'A servant of God, in true simplicity of soul, he loved books, music, and happy human faces, but his chief delight was in the services of the Church.'

I have written what I remember of the man, and not of the priest, and though I should have no right to chronicle or criticise his ministerial career, I saw enough of him to understand that the keynote to the cheerfulness and simplicity of his character is sounded in the text that the friends amongst his congregation have chosen for his memorial:

'Llawenychais pan ddywedent wrthyf : Awn i dŷ'r Arglwydd.'

'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.'

*A RHODES SCHOLAR FROM GERMANY
ON OXFORD.*

BY HANS E. VON LINDEINER-WILDAU.

'His Majesty the Emperor has been graciously pleased to assign you one of the Rhodes Scholarships, awarded this year for the first time.' So ran a letter which I received on October 17, 1903. 'You are to present yourself at Oxford by October 26, at latest.'

Thus I was not left much time for preparation, which, indeed, only consisted in the one chief essential of buying myself a guide to the English language. With this, but without knowledge of English, I set out. After various perils I reached Oxford on October 26, and presented myself, with my fellow scholars, according to instructions, before the Trustee of the Rhodes Foundation, who showed the greatest kindness in introducing us to English student life, difficult and incomprehensible as it is to foreigners. From him I received my first pleasant experience of the warm and cordial welcome which I met with from every Englishman I came to know during the whole of my sojourn in Oxford. Once more, as on many previous occasions, I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my most sincere thanks for the welcome we met with in England, which surpassed our utmost hopes, and greatly eased a situation which we often found a difficult one.

As the first Rhodes Scholars we were naturally a very interesting phenomenon in Oxford. Student life there ordinarily flows in such a smooth and even course that the appearance of several strange newcomers in the midst of this conservative community naturally could not remain unnoticed. This interest, however, was not confined to the circles immediately concerned; our arrival was also noted in North Oxford—the realm of mothers blessed with marriageable daughters; and it appeared the fashion to trot out a Rhodes Scholar at afternoon tea parties.

When, after a brief ceremony, we had been admitted as members of the university and of our several colleges, we had to make acquaintance with our new associates. As I said above, this was

made extremely easy by the hearty welcome we received from the English students. English undergraduate life rests on a basis entirely different from the German. The German student who comes from school to the university at once becomes his own absolute master, and hardly recognises any superior. Proctors, bulldogs, and gate bills are unknown in those favoured realms. This, of course, has considerable drawbacks of its own, for I believe that only a small fraction of the young students are old enough and experienced enough to be able to decide in every instance what is good or bad. From my own experience I know a vast number of cases where young students have succumbed to the temptations of student life—not from evil disposition or from want of character, but simply because they were too young and inexperienced to be able to judge the full extent of the dangers.

This absolute independence and freedom of the German student is the very opposite of the strict discipline which the English student must undergo. I must admit that student life in England reminds one more of life in our great public schools than in our universities. It was only with considerable reluctance that I could make up my mind of a morning to attend 'roll-call,' and when the jolliest bridge party had to break up at 11.45, once more our feelings were none of the most amiable. These, of course, are but trifles; yet I believe that in these prohibitions and restrictions of English undergraduates there lurk serious dangers of their own. I talked over this very point with more than one of my English companions, who shared my views on the subject. English undergraduates, during their time at college, remain to some considerable extent in ignorance of real life and its dangers. Afterwards, as soon as they really enter life and stand on their own feet, they are confronted by realities and temptations unknown and unaccustomed. At the same time they miss the restraint and control supplied by the friendships which they enjoyed at the university. Would it not be better for the development of character and experience of life to allow them to come into somewhat closer contact with the realities of life? Unquestionably college life has one great advantage over our German system: it makes it easier for the newcomer to settle down and find congenial friends. In such close daily intercourse as college life brings, a young man very quickly gets judged at his proper value. In this connection I have always admired the strict and just authority exercised by the seniors over the younger men in college. From the first, freshmen are made to

cel a pride in belonging to an ancient and honourable society such as a college represents, and to realise the duty of showing themselves worthy of this society.

During my time at Oxford a sensational journal was moved to horrify quiet English citizens with lurid tales of mediæval barbarism called 'ragging' which prevailed in English colleges. The occasion for this was, as is well known, a carefully planned practical joke on the part of several undergraduates who 'ragged' an inquisitive reporter. The consequence was that this joke produced a flood of letters pro and con. So far as my own knowledge goes, I can affirm that this 'ragging' did take place, though not in the rough way depicted by the journal in question. I believe, indeed, that 'ragging,' carried out within reasonable limits and without roughness, is a pre-eminently good and effective means of mutual education. Of course, in so large a community this does not preclude the possibility of occasional injustice and outrage. I remember one case within my own experience where an undergraduate was 'ragged' by several men of his own college because he lived a very retired life and worked hard. But I remember as well that, on hearing of this, all the older and right-thinking men in college took the part of their formerly unpopular comrade, and most strongly condemned the wanton behaviour of the others.

I need hardly say that every undergraduate cherishes a great pride in his college and a fine *esprit de corps*, and I like to recall the long discussions often set going between men of different colleges as to their respective merits or demerits. To be sure, the question itself is trifling enough, but it often gave me an opportunity of arriving at interesting opinions as to individuals' different points of view. To my regret I must say that I often noticed a tendency in their judgments which I could not think correct. A great many undergraduates allow themselves to be misled by the fact that many members of certain colleges are distinguished by a larger expenditure of money than others—often more than they actually possess—which follows from their indulgence in the more expensive forms of sport, such as polo and racing. I do not believe this is the right point of view for determining the merits or demerits of a college. Speaking for myself, I rate a really good footballer ten times as high as the best polo player. The former game is an open competition for the poorest as well as the richest, wherein pre-eminence can be acquired by anyone; it is merely a question of personal skill and capacity. On the other hand, sport on horseback

is to a great extent a question of money, and anyone who has made such a wise choice of parents as to be able to buy good and expensive horses can thus win easy laurels.

This brings me to one of the most important factors in English student life, the cult of athletics. To begin with, I must declare that during my stay at Oxford I learned to admire sincerely the unlimited cultivation of athletics to be found there. Of all the impressions I gathered from Oxford, first and foremost comes the wish to be able to help in some degree towards the cultivation and diffusion of the love and practice of athletics among our people and our young men. Outside Oxford I also had opportunity of attending athletic meetings; I believe, however, that athletics take their highest and noblest form as cultivated among undergraduates. I believe that in the rest of England athletics, owing to their enormous diffusion, are now in danger of becoming a professional calling. Who has leisure enough to tour the country for four months with his county team playing cricket, and at the same time attend to his business? The Oxford student engages in athletics, but for their own sake; for the strengthening of his own body in the noble struggle to attain a purely ideal and inward success. This cultivation of athletics from youth up has stamped the English character, and in particular the character of English students, with the distinctive features of a firm and healthy self-reliance.

While the afternoon is universally devoted to athletics, the forenoon in Oxford belongs in general to work; and though I assign absolute supremacy in athletics to the English universities, in the pursuit of knowledge I must claim the lead for our German institutions. This inferiority, however, is not so much the fault of the universities as of the schools.

In the programme of the English higher schools classical education takes an overwhelming share, nearly two-thirds of the whole time and work being devoted to it. Yet as in any case this time is comparatively scanty, the young Englishman's acquirements when he comes to the university are, even in this department, slighter than is usually the case in Germany. But in other branches of learning, *e.g.* History and Geography, one often finds a really astounding ignorance. Astounding above all, however, is the deficient acquaintance with his own language, whose literary treasures are unknown to the average English undergraduate.

One thing, however, must be admitted: the Oxford student really has little time to pursue his scholarly education. In the

morning at 7.45 the bell wakes him for roll-call or chapel. After he has reluctantly dragged himself out of bed, he is usually called away by an invitation to breakfast, where, to the accompaniment of a comfortable chat over the latest Oxford news, his bodily frame is recruited for the exertions of the day now opening. About ten o'clock this serious business is over; and the men betake themselves to Junior Common Room, there to continue their discussion in a wider circle, and to read the morning papers. Now, whereas the German student begins his paper conscientiously from the front page, reads through the whole of domestic and foreign politics, then excites himself a little with a few murders, accidents, fires, or the like, and finally casts a brief glance at the sporting columns, with the English student it is exactly the reverse. So long as England has not actually declared war or the Prime Minister been assassinated, high politics need not distract him. On the other hand the sporting chronicle is worked through all the more conscientiously, each individual match in every direction glanced at, every good kick at football duly honoured. This occupation generally comes to an abrupt end on the stroke of eleven or twelve, when learning has its turn, and for one or two hours the undergraduate makes himself acquainted with the 'Germania,' the 'Crito,' or some such classical work. A hurried lunch recruits his energies once again, and now comes the climax of the day, when, donning 'shorts,' he can match himself in friendly strife on the green turf.

I believe every possible form of athletics is pursued in Oxford. In winter 'Rugger' and 'Soccer' dominate the programme; hockey, too, is cultivated, and lovers of novelty go in for lacrosse. Undergraduate wits call them butterfly-catchers. A small but select band go to the river, to devote themselves to rowing. This clique of oarsmen is everywhere the leading element in each college. The honour of the college is placed in their hands, and on them it depends whether the college can win honour in the great Eights races. The Eights week is the great week of the Oxford year. The whole city is decked in a garment of early spring green, and even the old and weathered walls seem to smile in sympathy from under their trellis of green. Thousands of strangers enliven the streets of Oxford, and amongst them the fair sex in particular is strongly represented. He would be no true undergraduate who could not have some girl cousin or 'best girl' to escort in Eights week under the critical admiration of his friends' eyes, and it was

astonishing to see how even the foreigners fell into this practice ; the finest examples of an *entente cordiale* were to be seen on a small scale. The whole stream of strangers and natives flows down to the river after lunch ; innumerable punts and canoes people the river ; the crush at the boat-houses is positively dangerous. Now the starting-gun sounds, and for a moment a deathly stillness prevails over the whole river. Soon, however, a final uproar rises from near the 'start.' Surely thousands of demons have sprung from hell and are giving us a brief foretaste of the musical delights there awaiting us. Oh, no ; enthusiastic undergraduates are accompanying their college eights along the towing-path, and by these expressive noises are seeking to cheer the eight, already straining their utmost to yet higher exertions. And if the 'bump' is actually achieved, joy knows no bounds. The victors are brought home in triumph ; they are the heroes of the day, and are thus recompensed for weeks of arduous training. These are the scenes an undergraduate dreams of when he gets back to college after hard training, and stripping off his 'shorts,' can gather his friends about a crackling fire on the hearth and enjoy a well-earned rest over a cup of tea.

I have been deeply impressed by the varied capacities of the true undergraduate, but in one I hold him unrivalled, and that is, the capacity for absorbing tea. When a man has drunk his two or three cups at the first friend's, he goes on to the next ; then there is usually just time to enjoy the last numbers of the musical afternoon tea at Lloyd's or Buol's, and then, on getting back to Junior Common Room, a cup of tea lends a pleasant savour to the evening paper. About five minutes to seven the quad fills ; members of the college who live out come in and join the rest, all equipped with their gowns, whose proper cut, indeed, is in most cases hard to guess. A really ragged gown argues long experience of Oxford, and so the first thing a freshman does on obtaining the hideous robe of academic citizenship is to convert its noble outlines into ribbons. Seven strikes, whereupon the whole host of gown-clad students moves into Hall to meet the monotonous conservatism of an unchanging menu. This monotony was specially felt by me as a foreigner accustomed to the variety of our continental cookery. Still, I have often pitied the English students whose gastronomic enjoyments oscillate between the two poles of beef and mutton, above which the Sunday chicken glows in radiant beauty. Apparently, however, my English comrades also felt the desire to effect some

change in this dismal uniformity, and as dining in a restaurant is directly forbidden, they have fallen back on the genial resource of founding innumerable clubs whose nominal objects are something quite different, but whose supreme moments are the dinners one to three times a term. These dinners are among the pleasantest and most cheerful of my experiences of student companionship. The hour for breaking up strikes only too soon, and if the bulldogs are still prowling outside to spot the poor undergraduate who gives his well-being too loud utterance, the feast is likely to have undesirable consequences next morning. As a matter of course the offenders meet with fines, which the proctor imposes less on the culprits themselves than on the parental purse. Regarded as a punishment these fines, it seems to me, are for this reason somewhat ineffective. However, I was often told that their object was to provide a regular contribution to the university authorities. This was borne out by the fact that at the end of the previous term several ancient rules, long lost in oblivion, were revived, according to general belief, in order that the receipts from this source might be increased. Still it remains a rather peculiar tax on parents who are blessed with several sons at the university. Now, in one of its recent numbers, the 'Varsity Magazine,' citing accurate figures, stated that the proctorial fines hardly cover the cost of the institution. Would it not be more sensible to do away with the whole thing? Assuredly there is a point of view from which it is degrading for university teachers to be assigned police duties, and moreover, the students would be freed from a control not altogether worthy of grown men.

It is some months since I was compelled to turn my back upon my hospitable Alma Mater of England, but I feel the wish to see beloved Oxford again; Oxford which for a while was my home, and where I spent among good fellows a year which I shall always count as the best in my life.

Yet at the end of such a chapter in one's life the question rises involuntarily, 'What have you learned in this time? What have you brought away with you?'

To begin with the most tangible acquisition, there is the knowledge of the English language. Among the German people it is, thank heaven, part of universal culture to speak one or more foreign languages; nevertheless it is always more agreeable to learn a language in the country where it is spoken. From this point of view I think it extremely desirable that the Rhodes founda-

tion should be extended even further. Owing to the particular form of our university course, most German students who go to Oxford will only be able to stay there one year. From this year we must deduct the vacations, which, according to what has happened so far, most of the Rhodes scholars spend in Germany, so that there is scarcely enough time for learning English thoroughly. I think, therefore, it is of all things desirable that arrangements should be made for them to pass a pleasant vacation in England, somewhat as follows: Families which are ready to receive a number of Rhodes scholars for a consideration must be sought out in the country and the small towns all over the kingdom. About four weeks before the end of term, lists of these lodgings should be posted up in Oxford, and each man can put his name down for a place he likes. By this means mutual acquaintance would be furthered between the representatives of the various nations that Rhodes had in mind, while the non-German Rhodes scholars whom distance forbids to return home would find a solution of the difficult question of where to spend the vacation; and finally, a step would be taken towards the attainment of another end which we foreigners hope to gain from our stay in England, a thorough knowledge of the English people and the English character.

True, that we were able to learn a good deal of this in Oxford, where the sons of England congregate from every quarter; but, first, these are merely youths midway in their development; secondly, they only represent certain well-defined classes and groups of the English people whom one only gets to know apart from their natural place in their families; and, thirdly, Oxford is not England. The whole English people is eminently practical—the typical expressions of its popular life and character are directed to practice. Oxford, on the other hand, which has always preserved its characteristic quality on a foundation of immemorial and thorough-going privilege, has ever been the stronghold of scholastic theory. Here the deeds that have been done, the struggles that have been fought out, are theoretic; the acts of the English people are practical. If you dressed up the people of Oxford in proper costume you would believe you were living in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, so little have they altered their manners and customs of life. The English people, however, in spite of all conservatism, is perhaps the most modern in the world. Yet all this is not to be taken as a reproach to Oxford. On the contrary, I love and respect this pious and proud clinging to ancient tradition. I only wish to

show that in Oxford we were simply unable to fulfil the desire we have, and cannot but have—the desire to get to know the English people and its essential quality.

The last and most important gain, however, I look for from the Cecil Rhodes foundation transcends the narrow bounds of individual education; and here the best thing I can do is to repeat what I said to my English friends at a farewell dinner before my departure from Oxford:

I trust that you may learn from intercourse with us German Rhodes scholars that we Germans too are quite passable people to get on with; that we gladly and willingly recognise the great and generous elements in your history, and wish to learn them from you. May the bonds of personal friendship, which are now being knitted between young men, be unbroken when the youths come to man's estate, when learners become rulers. And may these private links grow into the chain which shall unite our kindred nations in friendship.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

WHEN my ship comes in, as it's bound to come,
 I'll follow no poet to Innisfree,
 For I don't much care for the honey-bee's hum,
 And a clay-wattled cabin is not for me :
 But I'll bid farewell to the life of a clerk,
 And third-floor lodgings in Battersea Park ;
 And pack a satchel, and oil my bike,
 And ride till I find a house I like.

I don't want thorpes, or hangers, or holts,
 Or grass by-lanes where a dog-cart jolts :
 I am not of those whose hearts are set
 On leasing a ' Bijou Maisonnette '—
 Suburban horrors—I hate all such ;
 I know what I want, and I don't want much :
 Only a low two-storeyed home
 Of old red brick and old brown wood,
 On soil of gravel or good blue loam—
 As long as the sanitation's good ;—
 A house on a hill-side I'd like best,
 With at least one window facing west.

For, I hold, one room in every house
 Should see the sun set through the boughs :
 Though poets rejoice when the day declines
 Athwart the stems of tall dark pines—
 No pines for me, where the wind will sough ;
 An apple orchard is good enough.¹
 For in May, when the blossom is white and pink,
 Imagine waking at six, to blink
 At apple-blossom against blue sky—
 Like a Japanese screen—and lazily lie
 In a dimity cot, as white as snow !—
 What dimity is, I don't quite know,

¹ Pronounce to taste.

But it sounds all right for a cot, does dimity,
 Breathing a sense of cosy sublimity.
 —To wake, I repeat, in a fragrant room,
 To pink-white masses of apple-bloom,
 With little bits of the brightest blue
 Of a May-morn welkin peeping through ;
 Watching the martins dip and pass,
 And the thrush with one eye cocked on the grass :—
 And to nuzzle under the coverlet
 And know that you need not get up yet !
 Though sloth on a fine May-morn be sin,
 A sinner I'll be—when my ship comes in !

My garden, too, will not be abnormal,
 Nor yet Italian, and prim and formal :
 A garden formed on a proper plan
 Shows Nature obeying the Hand of Man,
 Not Artifice flaunting in Nature's dress,
 Nor Man subduing the Wilderness.
 So I'll have *parterres*, and a fountain-jet,
 Lavender, roses, and mignonette ;
 A wild place under the apple glades,
 With cowslips springing between the blades ;
 And honeysuckle and clematis bowers,
 And sops-in-wine and gilly-flowers,
 And London Pride and Love-lies-bleeding—
 And a hireling knave to do the weeding !
 And in gloaming-time, when nightingales sing,
 As soon as my apple-trees allow,
 I'll doze in the dusk in a hammock of string,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

One room I'll have that's full of shelves
 For nothing but books ; and the books themselves
 Shall be of the sort that a man will choose
 If he loves that good old word *PERUSE* :
 The kind of book that you open by chance
 To browse on the page with a leisurely glance,
 Certain of finding something new,
 Although you have read it ten times through.

I don't mean books like *Punch* in series,
 Or all the volumes of *Notes and Queries* ;
 But those wherein, without effort, your eyes
 Fall where the favourite passage lies,
 Knowing the page and exact position—
 It's never the same in another edition !—
The Vicar of Wakefield, and *Evelina*,
Elia, *The Egoist*, *Emma*, *Catriona*,
 Fuller and Malory, *Westward Ho* !
 And the wonderful story of Daniel Defoe,
 And Izaak Walton, and Gilbert White,
 And plays and poetry left and right !
 —No glass doors, and no 'fumed oak' ;—
 Plain deal, and fumed by myself with smoke ;
 Stained, if at all, to a pleasant brown,
 With ledges and places for putting books down.
 And there I'll sit by a blazing log
 With a sweet old briar and glass of grog,
 And read my *Pickwick*, *Pendennis*, *Huck. Finn*,
 Cosily there—when my ship comes in.

And, last, one point I can't forget ;
 Man was not meant for solitude,
 And those I cannot praise who let
 'I care not' wait upon 'I could.'
 So when I can, 'twill be my care
 To search the world and find the fair,
 The chaste, and inexpensive she—
 A 'managing' helpmate meet for me,
 Who'll help to make the two ends meet,
 By darning in a low arm-chair,
 That lets the lamplight gently beat,
 In the good old way, upon her hair—

But still I have my way to win ;
 I wonder how these dreams begin ;
 So far my ship has not come in !

F. SIDGWICK.

THE AMBASSADOR'S STORY.

BY LADY MAUD ROLLESTON.

WE were sitting on the deck of the yacht one lovely summer's afternoon, and the Ambassador, whose achievements as traveller, diplomatist, and ruler have left their mark in both hemispheres, had been telling me a number of little stories all interesting and characteristic. The old diplomatist had a way peculiarly his own of telling one a story, which, alas ! it is impossible to reproduce from memory. After a pause, I said :

‘What is the most extraordinary thing that has ever happened to you ?’ Before the smile which my question would naturally bring to his face had passed, I was fully conscious how fatuous it had been, but I let it pass, for I hoped it might evoke something thrilling. After a pause he replied :

‘Well, I think perhaps the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me was this little incident, which I will tell you if it will not tire you, and *that* can be described as extraordinary only, perhaps, because of the great contrast between the first appearance of the heroine and the last as I knew her.

‘I had just been appointed chief envoy on a very important mission to Syria. It was a great step forward in my diplomatic career, and as such I was anxious to carry it through with success. As a result I perhaps rather overdid myself, and my doctor insisted that if I did not wish to break down just when I most required my full strength of mind and body, I must go out to Syria by sea instead of overland as had been arranged. Accordingly, with only my private secretary, I left London and embarked on what proved, even for those days, to be a very inferior class of steamer. The ship was small and dirty, and rolled exceedingly badly, if she had the smallest excuse. The cooking was very bad, but the captain was a good fellow, pleasant and obliging, and you know me well enough to believe that none of the drawbacks made much difference to me, since the sea has always been a home to me, and disagreeables such as those cannot deprive me of the pleasure I always derive from its infinite variety. I enjoyed that voyage.

'I left my bunk very early the following morning, being anxious to breathe some fresh air, for we were rolling so much that none was to be obtained below. I was trying to find my sea-legs and walking up and down the deck when the steamer gave a more than usually violent lurch. I had arrived at the corner of the deck cabins. At that moment, with a pretty little scream, accompanied by a flutter of red and yellow, I found a delightful burden in my arms. The red, which proved to be a red cloak, twisted itself round my head. The yellow, which was golden hair, seemed to get into my eyes and twine itself round my neck, but I was very happy and comfortable, and did not wish in the least to be disentangled, although this had to be done. Out of the corner of my disengaged eye I discerned a convenient seat; on this I deposited the burden and myself beside it. It proved to be a most charming young lady, really uncommonly pretty, and the dishevelment caused by the rude intrusion of the wind had only made her look more charming. She had on just the cloak that little children picture to themselves the martyred Red Riding Hood was wearing when she encountered the wolf. The hood was tied round her pretty head, and the yellow hair escaped in curls, which twisted themselves in a most fascinating way all round the edge of the cap. Two eyes of a strange greenish grey, with long dark curling lashes, a really faultless complexion, and teeth which flashed upon me with a bewildering smile, made me realise that my fellow-passenger was one of the most beautiful women that I had ever encountered by sea or land. We soon fell into easy conversation, and I learnt that she was a bride of seven days. One of the numerous daughters of a Cornish clergyman, she had married a rich merchant who was taking her out with him to his business in the East. I asked her if she were very much in love, and she replied very brightly, "Oh yes, I think so," by which I knew that she was not. I did not make the acquaintance of the husband until we got to Gibraltar. The bride told me that he was suffering very much from sea-sickness, and when I saw him I could easily believe it, for a man with a more sallow complexion it has never been my fate to behold. Mr. Philips, for so I will call him, though it is not in the least his real name, was an unhappy man; I think he must have come into the world with a jaundiced view of things, and I believe he retained it to the end. His little wife tried to amuse him with merry jokes and laughter, but to all of them he replied in so sullen and merciless a fashion that at last she became depressed and gave up the endeavour to cheer him in

despair. At Gibraltar I was obliged to make some duty visits. We were there for a short time, and soon after we left the port Mr. Philips again took to his cabin. We were not sorry, for the loss of his company was a trial to be borne with perfect ease. I had congratulated Mrs. Philips on her wonderful freedom from *mal-de-mer*, and she confided to me that this was her first voyage of any kind, as her father's rectory in Cornwall was well inland. She was the personification of good health; nothing made any difference to her, cold or heat, fine weather or rainy—she seemed to enjoy them all, and her appetite was at all times above reproach.

‘At length Mr. Philips crawled on deck, and I found that the very pleasant friendship between his wife and myself did not meet with his approval. I was not at all surprised at this, for when a man of his temperament succeeds in securing in his wife so charming a lady as Mrs. Philips, he is quite certain to be disinclined to share her company with anyone else. But at the same time I felt disinclined to surrender the one thing which made this long voyage agreeable, so I made a little plan. I believed that I could count with certainty upon one quality in Mr. Philips’s character, and I therefore went to him one afternoon when he happened to be alone, and I told him a few quite unimportant details in connection with the mission which took me to the Far East. He was kind enough to be interested, and at length I said, “One great drawback to all these missions is, that one is obliged to pay a number of tiresome visits at nearly every port. Now, when I get to Malta, where we shall be, the captain tells me, for two or three days, I shall be obliged to call on So-and-So; he will ask me to dinner, I shall be obliged to go, but the worst of it is I shall have to ask him in return to dine with me at one of the hotels in Valetta, for it would be impossible to put a decent dinner before him on board this ship. Now, Mr. Philips, you would be doing me a very great kindness if you and your wife would help me to entertain this gentleman, and in that case I could also ask him to bring his wife with him. She is a pleasant woman, and I am sure you would like to meet her.”

‘Now, the couple whose names I had damned with such faint praise were celebrated all over Europe as an exceedingly charming couple. I felt that I was rather sacrificing them at the altar of Mr. Philips, but I thought we might have a pleasant little dinner which would appease the Cerberus of my charming little lady.

Mr. Philips rose to the bait as I expected he would, for the man was an unmistakable snob.

"It is most kind of you to think of it," he said.

"When he had given me his answer I said, "I will leave you to arrange it with Mrs. Philips. I hope that she will have no objection to coming."

"Oh! she will have to come if I tell her to," Mr. Philips replied. The man became rather a bore after this.

'Four-and-twenty hours found us close to Valetta Harbour, and the trial to my politeness was at an end for a few days. Our dinner came off, and was a great success. The gentleman admired Mrs. Philips as much as I did, and his wife and I, between us, were able to fool Mr. Philips to the top of his bent, and made him appreciate the fact that the dinner was given for him, as, indeed, it was.

'The Mediterranean was mercifully unstable for the remainder of the voyage, but to me and my little friend it made no difference except the important one that we were unmolested by her sallow husband. The night before we arrived at the port at which I had to disembark, and where we should be obliged to part, I said something to her which showed my very real regret that our voyage was at an end, and I expressed a wonder as to whether we should meet again.

"I do not suppose," she answered, "that we shall ever meet again," and then, with a little twist of her head, she said so low that I could hardly catch the words, "I hope we never shall."

'I had presence of mind enough (which, knowing myself as I do, I rather wonder at) to appear not to hear.

'We were almost immediately separated, and I did not see her alone again. But I have never forgotten the expression in the beautiful eyes or the look in the rather white face as I left the ship the following morning. Between you and me, my dear lady, I was very much in love. Mrs. Philips was not only a most beautiful woman, she was also a very attractive one. With little or no education, she had qualities of a very unusual description, and I thought at the time that had a more fortunate fate caused her to marry a man with a different temperament and of another station, she could have helped him to attain to any height, and, given the opportunity, have even secured celebrity for him. The only reason I can give for not having made a fool of myself on this occasion was, that I was exceedingly proud of the mission that I had received. I knew how much my success meant to my beloved Mother, and

that any failure in carrying it out would be so grievous a disappointment to her that I could not contemplate inflicting it upon her for one moment. Her parting instructions to me had been to remember that the success of this mission was of great importance to England. "I need not say to you, do not betray your country," she said to me. At the same time, Mrs. Philips's face, then, and for many days after, seemed to come between me and my work; between me and the dark faces with which I had to deal, and the slight feeling of bitterness which I confess I had acquired made me perhaps more uncompromising and unyielding in the demands I made for my country's honour, and may have indirectly aided in bringing the complete success which throughout accompanied my first diplomatic treaty.

'Many years after this I was sent as Ambassador to Jerusalem. During this time I had married, and my wife, of course, accompanied me, and some of our children. When we had been there about three months I found one evening on returning home a note for me which had been brought by hand. It was as follows :

"I cannot tell you how very delighted I was when I found on my return here yesterday that you had replaced — as English Ambassador. I am so very glad to think that I shall see my old friend again, for I have never forgotten your great kindness to me on board that horrid old boat, the *Medina*. I hope you have as pleasant recollections as I of that voyage, rough and uncomfortable though it was. I shall be in to-morrow, and indeed all this week, after four o'clock, and delighted to see you. I hope you have not forgotten your old friend Violet de Lassalle, whom you knew as—VIOLET PHILIPS."

'I had, of course, looked at the end of the note before reading it through, and I am ashamed to say that any association with the name "Violet Philips" escaped me entirely, but the text of the letter soon refreshed my memory, and for a few moments my thoughts wandered away into the past, and I found myself smiling at the recollection of my pretty little friend. But all the same, that was twenty years ago, and I did not at all like the tone of this letter. It argued an intimacy which I did not feel was justified. "De Lassalle," I said to myself, "what has become of the sallow face I wonder—deceased evidently—but who is de Lassalle?" I rang the bell and said that if Mr. Burgoyne, who was practically permanent secretary at the Embassy, was at home, I should like to see him.

"Burgoyne," I asked, when he appeared, "can you tell me anything about some people here called de Lassalle? They live at —, I gather."

‘Mr. Burgoyne looked puzzled, and finally shook his head. “No,” he said, “I cannot recall the name.”

‘“There must be such people, and they are evidently residents here, for Madame de Lassalle speaks of a return here.” As I mentioned the name a look of surprise passed over Mr. Burgoyne’s face which made me say, “What is it?”

‘“Only,” he answered hesitatingly, “you mention Madame de Lassalle.”

‘“Yes, what of it? Do you know a Madame de Lassalle?” I asked.

‘“No, I do not,” he said; “I only exclaimed because there is a Madame de Lassalle, but I should hardly think that she would be the person you ask for.”

‘“Why not? Out with it, man; who is this mysterious lady?”

‘“Well, she is somewhat notorious,” Mr. Burgoyne replied. “The first time she appeared in Jerusalem her companion was a German Jew. I do not know what has become of him, but she returned here last year undoubtedly under the protection of the Grand Duke Alexivitch. She has a very nice house at —, and lives in extremely good style; there is nothing aggressive about her in any way, but she is certainly not respectable.”

‘I thought it better to make a clean breast of the story to Burgoyne, and while I was telling him the facts, I resolved upon a suitable course of conduct. I sent a polite reply to her letter, which regretted that my exceedingly numerous engagements would prevent me having the pleasure of paying my respects to her. This note was posted to the address she gave, and I heard no more from her for some time, but I did hear again, and in her second letter she said somewhat pathetically, “I perfectly understood what you intended to convey by the tone of your letter. Do not judge me too harshly; you are a man of the world, and you saw the beginning of my married life, and can perhaps find excuse for me in the great unhappiness which so soon overtook me for any fault into which I may have fallen since then. I want your help, and I do not believe that you are the man to refuse it to a woman in distress.”

‘I went to see her, and my visit was a great shock to me. The Violet I had last seen had been the “Violet” indeed—beautiful, fresh as the day in every sense of the word, worthy of the modest name she bore. The Violet I found in Madame de Lassalle was still a most beautiful woman, but all the softness and any gentle-

ness seemed to have left her. The golden hair still remained in all its beauty. She had had the sense to leave that untouched. But her eyes and complexion, and everything that could be assisted by art, had received that assistance with no sparing hand. At the same time the effect was a clever one. She was very beautifully dressed, and the appointments of her house were all so perfect in themselves that one hardly felt surprised that the same care should have been lavished on her complexion. There were no signs of neglect anywhere, least of all there. She was very charming to me, and I found that the education which had unfortunately been neglected in her youth had been given every advantage in middle age. She seemed to speak most European languages with great facility. She evidently read a great deal, and not light literature alone, and I found that I had been sitting with her for an hour, which seemed to have passed in half the time. I was obliged to leave in a few moments, and as this was the case I asked her to tell me what it was that she wanted me to do to help her. "You spoke of distress," I said; "what can I do to alleviate it?"

"Oh! there isn't time to tell you now. I was so glad to see you that I have forgotten all about it; do come again, and we will speak of it before we mention anything else."

"I would not fall into this trap. "No," I said, "I cannot leave your house, to quote your own words, 'refusing to help a woman in distress.' Tell me now. I have no doubt you can tell it quickly if you try."

"Her distress, to make a long story short, amounted to this. She was given the cold shoulder by her country-women, and she was anxious to find herself rehabilitated in society.

"I want you to tell your wife to call upon me and to ask me to her parties at the Embassy. If you do this for me I shall be able to pull myself up. I hate this life and everything that belongs to it, but I dare not give it up; I cannot give it up unless I see something else before me." She buried her face in her hands and began to sob. "If you would come again to see me I would tell you how I got into this. I know you would feel sorry for me and excuse me." She got up, and holding out a very pretty hand towards me, she said, "I know you will do what I ask, and if you stay any longer I shall only make a goose of myself."

"I went away feeling exceedingly embarrassed; what she asked was, of course, quite out of the question. I could not dream of suggesting to my wife to either ask her to the Embassy or even

know her in private life, and I was at a loss to imagine how so clever a woman could suppose that such a thing could be. I tried to write to her to tell her how grieved I was that the help she asked was out of my power to give. A more difficult letter I have seldom had to write, for try to word it how I would, on reading it over it always struck me as brutal in the extreme. In the end I decided to go and see her again, making an appointment before doing so. I told her that I had considered what she asked at every point, and how exceedingly sorry I was that I could not do what she seemed to desire. She took it very quietly.

"I was afraid you would not," she said. "I saw when I asked you the other day that you would not grant me this favour. Never mind. Sit down and we will try to forget this."

'We talked about other things, and I was immensely relieved and grateful to her for her moderation and want of persistence. She made herself even more charming than she had done on the occasion of my previous visit, and before I went away she said, "I will always keep Thursday afternoon for you if you care to come. I have very little now to make me happy, and much to make me sad. Your visit will be the one thing I shall have to look forward to, so come if you can."

'I did go and see her again, but not very often, for by degrees other stories came to my ears which did not give me at all a pleasant view of her, and at length one day, when I was sitting with her, a question she asked seemed so peculiar that I finessed in order to find out if possible what she knew to lead her to ask me such a thing; she was too clever to give herself away, but I was on my guard, and I came to the conclusion that while matters were as strained as they were at that time between England and Russia, Madame's house was not the place for me. I had a note from her after two or three weeks asking me why I had not appeared on any of the previous Thursdays, and I told her that much to my regret I should be obliged to cancel the quasi-engagements on those afternoons with her, as some business had cropped up which would necessitate my presence at the Embassy on that day for the remainder of the season. "You will understand," I said, "that with my many engagements I have at last been obliged to part with my one free day." It had struck me at the time that her knowledge of my engagements must have been very close, for she had, as I said, secured for herself the only afternoon I could usually call my own.

‘Time went on, and we had been at Jerusalem for more than two years, when one night I was aroused by my servant when I had been asleep for some time. “Mr. Burgoyne wishes to see you.” On joining him I found a somewhat perturbed gentleman. “I am exceedingly sorry to disturb your Excellency, but I thought you would wish me to do so, as some time ago you spoke to me about the lady. Madame de Lassalle has sent for you and begs you will go to her house at once, losing no time.”

“Bless my soul, Burgoyne! what is the meaning of that?”

“I can tell you no more, but the man who brought the message said that there was great trouble at the house, and that the lady seemed very anxious to see your Excellency.” I sent for the man and interrogated him myself, but he could tell me very little except that the Grand Duke had arrived at the house and he believed was still there, but the doctor had been sent for, and several of the Grand Duke’s servants; the doctor had come out with Madame’s message which she had written on a piece of paper herself, and which Burgoyne had thought it well to bring me. It merely said, “Come at once.—V. de L.” I considered for a little and then decided I would go. “I will take you with me, Burgoyne, and Captain Schofield; make all arrangements to go as quickly as possible, but leave proper information as to our whereabouts in case we do not turn up again.” I said this with a laugh; but at the same time I felt it to be a necessary precaution, owing to things that had happened in Jerusalem in recent times, and kidnapping an ambassador was by no means as impossible as it sounds. In about an hour we arrived at the house. The doctor, a Frenchman, a most excellent man, met me in the hall. “*Ah! quelle affaire, Monsieur l’Ambassadeur,*” and wringing his hands, he led me hurriedly into a large room which I had not seen before. The floor was white marble, and there were white marble columns round it. Some great gold chairs stood here and there, and between the columns were masses of palms and beautiful flowers. Before a great circular window at the further end was a large Persian rug, on which stood a table with two places laid. Between me and this table on the left-hand side of the room were a group of men, three of them unmistakably Russians, one a tall man of considerable distinction. As I walked into the room he took a step forward, and then hesitated, as I did. On the opposite side of the room facing that group of men was one of the great gold chairs, and in that chair was Madame de Lassalle sitting straight up with her

head against the back, and her beautiful arms extended along the arms of the chair, each hand glistening with gorgeous rings, clenched tightly on the twisted gold. Her beautiful hair was dressed high and surmounted by a large peacock in diamonds. A long chain of diamonds twisted round her neck and hanging in a rope on to her dress; diamonds glistening all over the front of her corsage, and a beautiful soft white lace dress trailing on the marble floor. Her face a ghastly white, with the great eyes staring at me in blank despair. But most awful of all, from the top of the right shoulder down to the hem of the dress ran a deep red stain which could be but one thing—blood—her own blood, or that of another; but then I saw as I followed that ghastly red mark the figure of a man, his head turned away from me as he lay full length upon the ground almost at her feet. I pulled myself together and went across to her. I then saw that the figure, which I recognised to be that of the Grand Duke Alexivitch, lay there dead with a dagger through his heart. As I came up she moved, and leaning forward, she pointed to the murdered man and said to me with trembling lips:

“Look! I did that. I asked you to help me to save me from this, but you would not,” and she began to cry—the passionless crying of a miserable child—as I have often thought since, like the crying of a lost soul.

“The distinguished man to whom I have alluded now joined us. “Alexivitch is my brother, your Excellency; Madame is an Englishwoman born, and as such she begged that you should be sent for, otherwise I would not have allowed you to be disturbed. But she is a naturalised Russian. We tried to persuade her to leave this room, without success, as she refused to come away before you came; perhaps you could now persuade her.”

“I took her gently by the hand, and Burgoyne and I, between us, drew her to the little sitting-room where she and I had had so many pleasant talks, and she told me after a few minutes that she wanted to give me some addresses in England. “I suppose I shall have to die for what I have done, and I want you to tell them at home what has become of me. Be good to them, do not tell them everything, just let them know that I was very unhappy. I have not written to anyone at home for more than five years now, and perhaps they think of me as already dead. I should like them to know for certain.”

“I promised to do anything that she wished, and I asked her if

she would like to see my wife. "She would come to you if you would like it." But she refused, and, shaking her head, said :

"I do not want to see your wife now."

His Excellency got up from his seat and walked up and down the deck three or four times. At last he stopped, and leaning over the bulwarks of the yacht, looked out at the twinkling lights on shore. I could bear it no longer. I joined him, and asked 'What did they do to her? what became of her?'

'I do not know,' he answered.

'Did she die?'

'No.'

'Then what became of her?'

'I do not know,' was his answer.

Whether his Excellency knew more as to the fate of Madame de Lassalle than he was at liberty to tell me I cannot say, but he did tell me on a future occasion, when I again ventured to question him on the subject, that he found that the Russians had tried to employ her as a spy, and he thought it exceedingly likely that she had refused to comply with their demands, and that this had led to the final quarrel between her and Alexivitch, which had so appalling and dramatic a result.

WEIGHING A WORLD.

SCIENCE, 'the great measurer,' is for ever busy with scales, weights, and measuring-tape. Directly it was settled that the world is round, we find the Alexandrian astronomers attempting to measure its circumference. Hardly had Newton formed his theory of gravitation before his mind was full of schemes for 'weighing the earth.' From the moment when the modern atomic hypothesis was accepted, and indeed even before, Dalton and his colleagues were as busy as bees trying to weigh invisible, nay, hypothetical, atoms and molecules. And the very discovery of the 'electrons' or 'corpuscles' in Sir William Crookes's vacuum tubes may almost be said to have consisted in attempts to compare their masses with those of the lightest particles previously known—atoms of hydrogen. Nothing seems too difficult. The weight of the earth, the weight of an atom, the velocity of light—nay, the speed of thought itself, or, at least, the speed with which thought can be translated into action—all these and a thousand other quantities have been brought by science within the compass of her measuring instruments, their values ascertained, stated in familiar terms, and placed, gratis, at the service of man.

Perhaps some of the readers of the 'CORNHILL' may feel disposed to take a peep into the machinery employed to accomplish the tremendous task of weighing a world? If so, I must ask them, first, to consider this question:

What do we mean by 'the weight of the earth'?

When we speak of the weight of such an object as a lump of coal, we mean, of course, the pull of the earth upon that piece of coal; and the quantity of coal we call a pound is that quantity which is pulled to the earth with a force just equal to the force that pulls a particular piece of platinum, marked 'P.S. 1844 1 lb.,' and called the 'Imperial Avoirdupois Pound,' which is kept at the Standards Office in Westminster.

Now it is clear that the earth, as a whole, cannot pull itself to itself. Every particle of it in every direction must pull every other particle, with the result that there is a state of equilibrium

and no pull; and thus, in the everyday sense of the term, the earth has no weight at all.

But we all know that though when we weigh bodies we may seem merely to measure the pull of the earth upon them, we not only learn the strength of this pull, but also measure what Newton called 'the quantity of matter in them,' or, as we say to-day, 'their masses.' For it has been shown by Newton that at any given point on its surface the earth's pull on an object is proportional to the mass of the object, and quite independent of all such qualities or considerations as its shape or position, whether it is a solid, a liquid, or a gas, and also, as Lavoisier has taught us, independent of its chemical constitution; this being, of course, only a particular case of Newton's law of gravitation, which tells us that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which depends on their masses and on the distances which separate them; the attraction being proportionately greater between large masses than between small masses, increasing when the masses are brought closer to one another, and decreasing as they recede, in such a manner that if the distances between the centres of two spheres be doubled, then the attraction between them is reduced to one-quarter of its original strength.

Returning now to our question, we see that the process familiarly termed 'weighing the earth' consists really in measuring the quantity of matter the earth is made of, or, in modern terms, in determining its mass.

Although we cannot even imagine ourselves balancing the earth on a pair of scales against a set of weights, some other way of attacking the problem which is not altogether beyond the range of the imagination may occur to the reader, and help him to grasp its nature and difficulty.

We know, for example, that the diameter of the earth is about 8,000 miles, and we know how to calculate the approximate volume of a sphere when we have measured its diameter. Why, then, should we not calculate the volume of the earth in cubic feet, find the mass of a cubic foot of it in pounds by weighing samples, finally multiply these two quantities, and so determine its mass in pounds? It would not be very difficult to perform these simple operations, but, unfortunately, even if we neglect the irregularity of the earth's surface, there are still some fatal objections. The masses of equal volumes of rock taken from different parts of the earth's crust vary considerably; and, further, even if this were not

so, we have no means of getting samples of the material of which the earth is made except by scratching its outer skin, and it would by no means be safe to assume that the average weight of each cubic foot of the rocks which exist below, out of our reach, is the same as the average weight of each cubic foot of the rocks which are familiar to us on its surface. Still, the general idea of the problem presented in the form of this faulty proposal is not unhelpful. It simplifies the matter considerably. We know the volume of the earth more or less closely, therefore all we have to do is to find its 'mean density'—to find, that is, what proportion the mass of the earth bears to the mass of a globe of water of equal size. When this is done, since every cubic foot of water weighs about $62\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., we can easily calculate the weight of the earth in the ordinary sense of the term, and state it in pounds or tons, in grams or kilograms, as we may desire.

The process of 'weighing the earth,' then, may be said to consist in finding its mean density, water, which is said to have the density 1, being taken as the standard substance. Thus stated, the problem seems easy enough, but the solution of this simple problem has occupied the thoughts of many master minds, and taxed to their utmost the powers of many great experimenters from the days of Newton.

It is true that, by taking the earth as their standard, astronomers have been able to draw up a table of densities for the heavenly bodies, from which we learn that the mean density of the sun is about one-fourth as great as that of our globe, that of Venus and Mars about nine-tenths as great, that of Mercury one and a quarter times greater, and so on. But this, though sufficient for many purposes, fails to give us such a clear idea of the matter as we get when we can think of our quantities in familiar terrestrial standards such as the gram or the pound; and so it is necessary to connect the celestial scale of densities, in which the earth is made the standard, with one of the more familiar terrestrial scales. The first attempt to do this was made by Newton. This attempt was a mere estimate—in fact, a guess. I give it in full in his own words, as translated by Motte :

But that our globe of earth is of greater density than it would be if the whole consisted of water only, I thus make out. If the whole consisted of water only, whatever was of less density than water, because of its less specific gravity, would emerge and float above. And upon this account, if a globe of terrestrial matter, covered on all sides with water, was less dense than water, it would emerge somewhere: and the subsiding water falling back would be gathered to the

opposite side. And such is the condition of our earth, which, in a great measure, is covered with seas. The earth, if it was not for its greater density, would emerge from the seas, and, according to its degree of levity, would be raised more or less above their surface, the water and the seas flowing backwards to the opposite side. By the same argument, the spots of the sun which float upon the lucid matter thereof are lighter than that matter. And however the planets have been formed while they were yet in fluid masses, all the heavier matter subsided to the centre. Since, therefore, the common matter of our earth on the surface thereof is about twice as heavy as water, and, a little lower, in mines, is found about three or four or even five times more heavy; it is probable that the quantity of the whole matter of the earth may be five or six times greater than if it consisted all of water, especially since I have before showed that the earth is about four times more dense than Jupiter.

Newton's guess, curiously enough, hits the limits between which the values subsequently fixed by experiments are mostly to be found.

In practice, all the methods of weighing the earth resolve themselves into experiments in which we measure the attraction between two bodies having known masses placed at a known distance from each other on the earth's surface, and then compare this with the attraction of the earth on some known mass of matter, also on its surface. The following illustration, taken from a lecture by Professor J. H. Poynting, will make the idea clearer:

Suppose you hang a weight of 50 lbs. from a spring balance a few feet above the earth. Then the pull of the earth, whose centre is about 4,000 miles or 20,000,000 feet away, is 50 lbs. Now suppose you bring a second weight, this time, let us say, a weight of 350 lbs., to a position one foot from the first one, and between the latter and the earth, so that its pull is added to that of the earth. Then, if your balance is sufficiently sensitive, you will find the smaller mass no longer weighs 50 lbs., but a little more—in fact, about $\frac{1}{175000}$ of a grain more—that is to say, the pull of the 350-lb. weight at the distance of a foot is equal to the $\frac{1}{175000}$ of a grain, or $\frac{1}{17500000}$ of 1 lb., or the pull of the earth at a distance of 20,000,000 feet is about ninety million times as great as that of a sphere of 350 lbs. at one foot, for

$$1,750,000 \times 50 = 87,500,000.$$

If the earth could be placed at an average distance of one foot from the 50-lb. weight, instead of at a distance of 20,000,000 feet, its pull would be proportionately greater—viz. about four hundred billion times greater, so that at equal distances the pull of the earth would be four hundred billion times ninety million times that of a 350-lb. sphere. But, as already explained, at equal distances

these pulls are proportional to the masses concerned, and thus, by doing a little more arithmetic, we should find that the earth weighs about 12,500,000,000,000,000,000,000 lbs. Finally, if we calculate the mean density of the earth from these figures and from its volume, which can be deduced from its diameter, we find that its mass is about five and a half times as great as that of an equal volume of water, or, to use the technical term, that the 'mean density' of the earth is five and a half times as great as that of water. This, however, is only the result of an imaginary experiment. The real thing, though similar in principle, is far more complicated, as will easily be understood when I mention that a determination of the density of the earth carried out with due precautions to eliminate all sources of error may occupy several years, and that in some cases the necessary operations are of so delicate a character that the mere passage of railway trains in the neighbourhood of the apparatus may be a serious source of trouble. Indeed, on one occasion Professor Boys, when working at Oxford, was stopped by an earthquake which occurred thousands of miles away, and was, I believe, only detected in this part of the world through the circumstance that Professor Boys was weighing the earth when the wave reached these regions.

The actual objects whose attractions have been observed in attempts to weigh the earth have varied very widely. The earliest observers studied the attractions of mountains on objects brought near them; Professor Boys those of small metallic spheres, the largest of which were only four and a half inches, and the smallest one-fourth of an inch in diameter. The methods employed divide themselves into three or four groups.

First come experiments in which the attraction of a mountain or some natural object, such as a zone of known thickness of the upper crust of the earth, is compared with that of the earth as a whole.

Secondly, the famous 'Cavendish experiment,' in which the attractions between metallic masses quite small in size are investigated by means of what is known as a torsion balance.

And, thirdly, researches in which common but very delicate scales and weights are employed. Some very beautiful experiments falling within this last class were made a few years ago at what was then the Mason College, Birmingham, by Professor Poynting, on whose publications on the subject of the weight of the earth this article is very largely based.

And now, after all these preliminary remarks to clear the way, we come to the real thing, to the actual experiments made for the purpose of weighing the earth, from the time of Newton, who inspired all this work, in which our fellow-countrymen have always played a conspicuous and successful part, till to-day.

We have learnt from the preceding pages that astronomers have succeeded in comparing the densities of various heaven'y bodies by means of astronomical observations, and have drawn up tables stating their results in terms of the density of the earth, but that if we wish to get out our results in earthly measures, such as ounces or grams, we must descend from the stars, and compare, for example, the pull of the earth on some object on its surface with the pull of some measurable mass on the same object. All this, of course, was very well understood by Newton, who saw, further, that the power of a mountain to deflect a plumb-line might be employed; unfortunately, he concluded that the effect would be too small to measure, which, indeed, may possibly have been true at that time. Newton also investigated the possibility of measuring the attraction between large spheres, and calculated how long it would take a sphere one foot in diameter, and of equal density with the earth, to draw a second sphere, of the same dimensions and equal density, placed a quarter of an inch away, across this interval of a quarter of an inch. Through a mistake in his arithmetic, he found the required time to be about a month, which is vastly more than the few minutes that would really be needed, and as such a rate of motion was utterly beyond measurement, he confined himself to making the celebrated guess mentioned above. But not very long afterwards both these methods were put to the test of experiment with a considerable degree of success.

Some doubt is said to exist as to whether Newton was the real author of this mistake, but, as Professor Poynting remarked in a lecture at the Royal Institution a few years ago, there is something not altogether unpleasing in the belief that even Newton could make a mistake. His faulty arithmetic showed that there was, at any rate, one quality which he shared with his fallible fellow-men.

When the attractive force of a mountain is to be studied, the experiment, in its simplest form, is somewhat as follows: A weight hanging at the end of a thread—that is, a plumb-line more or less similar to the plumb-line employed by a mason, but far more sensitive and provided with more exact means of measurement—is

placed first in some suitable position not too far away from the mountain, but well out of the range of its attraction, and its position noted on a scale of divisions when it hangs freely suspended, and, therefore, perpendicular to the earth's surface. The plumb-line is then brought up as close as may be to one side of the mountain. When this is done the plumb-line is found to be drawn a little to one side of its previous line of suspension—that is to say, a little out of the perpendicular and towards the mountain. The amount of this displacement is measured on the scale of divisions, and the length of the plumb-line is also measured. From these data the astronomer can calculate the ratio of the horizontal pull of the mountain to the pull of the earth.

Finally, the mountain is most carefully surveyed, and the densities of pieces of the rock of which it is composed are measured. Knowing these densities and the volume of the mountain we can estimate the mass of the mountain in pounds or kilograms, according to the system selected; and when this is done we know the mass of the mountain, the pull of the mountain, the pull of the earth, and their distances, and from these, knowing the law of gravitation, quoted above, we can deduce the other quantity involved, the mass of the earth.

The first investigator to actually determine the mean density of the earth by this method was M. Bouguer, who was a member of one of two scientific commissions sent out by France about 1740 to measure the lengths of degrees of latitude in Peru and Lapland—that is, at points near to and remote from the equator—in order to settle finally the shape of the earth, whether it is flattened at the poles, as Newton supposed, or drawn out, as had then lately been suggested. The members of these commissions, which, by the way, settled the question in favour of Newton's views, did not confine themselves to investigating the shape of the earth; and M. Bouguer, in particular, seized the opportunity of testing the 'mountain mass method' of weighing the earth thus afforded him by his visit to the great mountains of the Andes. M. Bouguer made two distinct sets of measurements. In the first he studied the swing of a pendulum at the sea-level, then at a point 10,000 feet higher, on the great plateau on which Quito stands, and, finally, on the top of Pichincha, which is about 6,000 feet above Quito. He knew that if a pendulum were lifted to a great height above a wide plain or over the open sea, say, for example, by means of a balloon, its swing would gradually grow slower as gravity

decreased at the higher levels; and he calculated from the swing of his pendulum at Quito that gravity there was greater than the calculated amount for the height at which he worked, owing to the down pull of the great tableland beneath him.

Bouguer's second set of observations was made near Chimborazo, a mountain 20,000 feet high, by the plumb-line method as described in outline above, only in a far more refined form. His difficulties were very great, for he was obliged to work above the line of perpetual snow. His labours began with a troublesome and even perilous journey of many hours over rocks and snow-fields, and when the site selected for the first set of observations was reached he had to fight against snowfalls, which threatened to bury the instruments, the tents, and even the observers themselves. At the second station, which was below the snow-line, he hoped for better conditions; but here he encountered gales of wind, and it was still so cold as to hinder the working of his instruments. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the results obtained were, as Bouguer himself recognised, of little permanent scientific value. The cause for wonder was that he got any results at all. But his time and labours were not wasted. His observations proved that the earth, as a whole, is denser than the mountains upon it; that it is not a mere hollow shell, as some people in those days still supposed, nor yet a hollow globe filled with water, as others had insisted. Besides, he had broken new ground, and before very long his experiments were repeated under more favourable conditions and with better results.

The next experiment by the mountain-mass method was made in the neighbourhood of Schiehallion, in Perthshire, thirty years later, under the auspices of the Royal Society, who, at the instance of Maskelyne, then Astronomer Royal, appointed 'a committee to consider of a proper hill whereon to try the experiment, and to prepare everything necessary for carrying the design into execution.'

A few years ago the inhabitants of a certain remote island were considerably excited by the absurd proceedings of a party of visitors to their shores, who did many things which seemed stupid, not to use a stronger term, to the islanders, and at length lost the last vestiges of their respect by boiling water in tin pots on a mountain top in order to find out how high the mountain was. I have sometimes wondered what the hard-headed natives of Perthshire can have thought of the party of gentlemen who came to Schiehallion about the year 1774, and proceeded to watch plumb-lines

hanging in the air, and to peep at stars through telescopes in order to discover the weight of the earth. But, be that as it may, after two months or so spent in observing, and two years more in surveying the mountain, making contour maps giving the volume and distance of every part of it from the two stations at which the observations of its attraction had been made—for Maskelyne did not follow the method of Bouguer exactly, but observed the attraction of the mountain from two opposite sides—and after determining the density of various fragments of the rock of which Schiehallion is composed, Maskelyne and his colleagues came to the conclusion that the mean density of the earth must be four and a half times that of water—that is, that the earth must contain four and a half times as much matter as a globe of water of its own size, or, again, that its mass must be equal to that of a globe of water four and a half times as big as the earth. This value was presently raised to five, as the result of further determinations of the density of the rock, and we have every reason to suppose that this latter value is not very far from the truth.

I should tire my reader were I to go further into this part of our subject and describe one by one the various experiments following more or less similar lines that have been made since the completion of Maskelyne's celebrated experiments. Moreover, interesting and ingenious as these experiments were, all were vitiated by a fatal defect. The accuracy of the conclusions reached depends in every case on two chief points. First, correct measurements of the attractive forces of the mountain masses studied are necessary, and this, doubtless, was attained in many if not in every one of the various investigations. Secondly, a fairly correct knowledge of the density of the rocks forming the mountains is required, and here the experiments in every case break down. We cannot learn with certainty the true mean densities of the rocks forming a mountain; at the best we can only make rough guesses at them. Consequently, of late years the attention of astronomers has been turned to the other methods to which I have alluded. These, though equally difficult to carry out, are not subject to this fatal objection. I may point out, however, before we proceed, that it would be quite reasonable, now the weight of the earth has been fixed by these other and sounder methods, to turn the above experiment about and apply the results obtained to the complementary problem of 'weighing mountains.'

'Of all experiments,' exclaimed Professor Boys, a few years ago,

in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution, 'the one which has most excited my admiration is the famous experiment of Cavendish.' For this method of weighing the earth no costly expeditions to distant mountains, and no elaborate surveys requiring years for their performance are demanded. For the 'Cavendish experiment,' in fact, nothing is wanted but a few bits of wire, some strips of wood, balls of metal, and a case to protect the apparatus from 'the wind,' as Cavendish expressed it. If you possess these and certain other similar trifles, and if you possess, also, the genius for experimenting of a Cavendish or of a Boys, you can weigh the earth. If, in addition, you possess one of the wonderful silica threads discovered a few years ago by Professor Boys, you can construct an apparatus hardly too big to go inside a man's hat-box, with which you may do the thing to a nicety.

That great though most eccentric man, the Honourable Henry Cavendish, was, as I have said, the first to carry out in a laboratory the operation of weighing the earth, but the actual originator of the Cavendish experiment was the Rev. John Michell, who constructed the necessary apparatus, but died before he had an opportunity of testing the value of his ideas by making an experiment. After Mr. Michell's death his apparatus passed into the hands of Dr. Wollaston, and he handed it on to Mr. Cavendish, who, after making some modifications, performed the first 'Cavendish experiment' in 1797-98. Cavendish found the mean density of the earth to be 5.45 times that of water, and we may take it that this was the first really trustworthy measurement. The experiment, in outline, was as follows :

Two equal balls of lead, each two inches in diameter, were attached to the remote ends of a light wooden rod six feet long, which was suspended horizontally at its centre, by means of a wire forty inches long, inside a narrow wooden case to protect it from draughts. Outside the case two much more massive balls, also of lead, twelve inches in diameter, were suspended by rods from a beam, which worked on a pivot. This pivot was placed above the wire by which the rod carrying the small balls was suspended, so that the large balls could be swung at will into various positions outside the case. For example, they could be placed transversely by putting the two beams at right angles to one another, or brought close up to the smaller balls, one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides of the case. The movements of the ends of the light rod within the case were measured by means of

divided scales provided for the purpose, which were viewed from a distance through telescopes. In making an experiment the two large balls were brought up close to the two small balls, one large ball to each small ball, on opposite sides, so that the latter were pulled in opposite directions. This set the ends of the light beam swinging about a centre which could be determined by observing the range of successive swings by means of the divided scales. The large balls were then carried round to the opposite sides of the case, and brought close up to the small ones as before. The result of this was, of course, that the directions of the pulls upon the latter were reversed. The centre of swing was again determined, and it was found not to be the same as before. Many corrections had to be introduced, and so the working out of the results was not very simple, but they show that the earth has a mean density of 5.45. The Cavendish experiment has often been repeated, and Baily (a London stockbroker by profession) performed no fewer than two thousand one hundred and fifty-three of these delicate experiments in his laboratory at Tavistock Place between the years 1738 and 1742, obtaining the value 5.66.

The Cavendish experiment, as I have said, has often been repeated, with various improvements, but never in a very much more perfect form till a few years ago; and in the interval Professor Poynting and others have succeeded in weighing the earth by means of common scales and weights. The experiment, in Professor Poynting's hands, consisted in hanging two 50-lb. weights to the opposite sides of a large, strong balance placed inside a suitable case; measuring the effect of bringing a large mass of metal, 350 lbs., under one of the 50-lb. weights, which increases the pull upon it to a measurable extent, and then transferring the large weight to the other side of the balance so that its pull upon the other 50-lb. weight could also be measured. The changes to be observed, of course, were extremely small, mere fractions of a milligram, in fact, and all sorts of precautions had to be taken to avoid the disturbing effects of draughts and other causes of error. The balance was placed in a cellar, and observed by means of a telescope through a small hole in the ceiling from the room above it. So delicate was the apparatus that if anyone walked about the house when Professor Poynting was at work he was unable to make an observation, on account of the quivering of a mirror attached to the balance to enable him to observe the reflection of a scale through the telescope; and when this difficulty was overcome by

placing the instrument on great blocks of india-rubber, and the balance had worked well for a whole year, it began to go wrong one day owing to the floor of the cellar tilting whenever he moved the large weight from one side of the balance to the other. The tilt was so slight that had the floor been ten miles long one end of it would only have been raised one inch higher than the other end ten miles away, and yet this minute disturbance very seriously affected his observations. These are only a few of the difficulties encountered, but gradually they were overcome, and the density of the earth was found to be 5.493. Professor Poynting indicates the minute effect produced by the movements of the 350-lb. weight by the following apt illustration :

Suppose all the inhabitants of the British Isles, say 40,000,000 persons, were placed in one pan of a gigantic pair of scales, and that they were counterpoised by weights, do you think the addition of one middle-sized boy to the population of the scale pan would seem to make much difference to a man who was weighing them ? That is the sort of difference that had to be measured—a difference of one part in seventy or eighty million parts. It will give a still better idea of the degree of perfection to which the art of weighing was brought by Professor Poynting if I add that the degree of accuracy was such as would be required, in this imaginary experiment, to detect whether or no the boy had both his boots on.

But splendid as this work was, the high-water mark was reached, perhaps, by Professor Boys in a recent repetition of the Cavendish experiment. Cavendish, as I have said, suspended the beam of his 'torsion balance,' as such an instrument as that used by Cavendish is called, by means of a fine wire, and the accuracy of his results depended on the elasticity of this wire. Now, unfortunately, metallic wires are not perfectly elastic, and when frequently used are subject to 'fatigue'; and so there was a defect in the experiment, which remained uncorrected until a few years ago, when Professor Boys discovered how to produce threads not liable to this fault. These astonishing threads, which were made of melted quartz, are finer by far than the finest wire—so fine, in fact, that a single grain of sand spun into one of them might yield a thread a thousand miles long; moreover, they surpass steel in strength, and are marvellously elastic. Armed with quartz threads Mr. Boys was able to reduce the size of the Cavendish apparatus, and at the same time greatly to increase its sensibility. This and great

personal skill enabled him to make what is probably the best measurement yet obtained of the earth's mean density—viz. 5.5270.

And so we find that the work of Maskelyne, the work of Cavendish, the work of Poynting, that of Boys, and, indeed, that of half a score others about whom I have said nothing, supports, almost without an exception, Newton's guess at the weight of the earth.

We are often told that we live in a material age, that the days of chivalry are gone, and that even science devotes herself to-day to the merely useful, and is too apt to neglect the search after abstract truth. Perhaps this incomplete recital of the progress of a great research during a period of nearly two centuries, including as it does some splendid contributions which have been made within quite recent years, may serve as a reminder that though science reveals herself to many of us chiefly through her more obviously useful and profitable discoveries and inventions, yet those who look for them will still find among us not a few men as ready as any of their predecessors to devote days and nights to hard labour for no other fee than the hope of discovering a new truth, overthrowing an ancient error, or extending in some other way the boundaries of knowledge.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

THE HAUNTED BOAT.

A STORY OF THE NORFOLK BROADS.

'The Broads,' said the schoolmaster, in a didactic voice, as if he were taking a geography class, 'the Broads are a capital place for a holiday. It is true that, of recent years, 'Arry has more and more taken possession in the summer months, and, with his banjo and his gramophone, has destroyed all the romance and a good deal of the quiet; but, if you know your ground, and avoid his favourite haunts, you can keep fairly clear of the nuisance. I have made them my holiday ground for many years. I have learned to know them in all seasons and all weathers, winter and summer, wind and calm, rain and sunshine, and only once have I met with an experience that left a nasty taste in my mouth. I was cruising about one summer holiday in the *Dipper*, a handy little cutter with a cabin that would sleep two comfortably and three at a pinch. As I was alone, except for my skipper, who, by some miracle of ingenuity, managed to stow his limbs away at night in a minute forepeak, I was living comfortably, and even luxuriously; for, after a certain age, the smallest room that you have to yourself is more spacious than a palace that you must share with others.

'I had spent a very happy week on the upper waters of the Thurne, sailing and fishing over the broad waters of Hickling, and watching the slow sunsets through the reeds in Heigham Sound; but one August afternoon, rather late in the day, found me tacking up the Bure towards Somershall, where I was to pick up a friend on the following morning. The tide was running strongly against us, the wind had fallen light, and we were in a head reach about two miles short of our destination. After we had visited the bank three times in succession, on the starboard tack, at almost exactly the same spot, I grew tired of it. "That," I said, pointing to the other bank, "looks a likely spot; we may as well fasten up there for the night."

"You can't lie up there," said Ned, decisively; "there ain't no depth of water to speak of, and the rond's all marshy."

'Ned's judgment in such matters was usually infallible, but on this occasion I needed some convincing.

"That boat," I said, pointing to an old tub that was moored

to the bank some two hundred yards above us, "seems to find water enough."

"That boat," replied Ned, without looking at her, and in a distinctly surly voice, "don't draw so much water as what we do. You'll sail the next reach, and there's a medder at the far end where boats often lie."

"But the next reach and its "medder" had no attractions for me. I was well satisfied with what I had got—a long bend in the river, set with willows and alder bushes, and the banks a tangle of reeds, and purple loose-strife, and meadow-sweet, that made the air fragrant. Consequently, when I came to the end of the port tack, instead of coming about, I laid the *Dipper* gently alongside of the shore. Ned disengaged the quant-pole from the jib-sheets, and prepared to push her off.

"You can put that quant down," I said, peremptorily. "We're very comfortable where we are; and you can see for yourself that there's plenty of water. I shall lie up here for to-night."

"Ned made a last effort to move me. It was a clumsy one, and only succeeded in making me more obstinate.

"The man," he said, "what owns this land don't allow no boats to moor here."

"If the man," I replied, "that owns the land likes to get his feet wet wading through the marsh yonder, he can come; but I'm going to wait here till he does."

"After that Ned gave in, and began to lower the sails, muttering to himself as he did so. I had always found him a most good-natured and accommodating fellow, limited in his mental attainments, but resourceful and obliging, and this sudden fit of temper took me by surprise. But I fancied I could guess its cause. I had noticed that in choosing his mooring-ground Ned had a predilection for company. If he had had his way he would always have brought me up in line with a fleet of cruising boats, and within hail of half-a-dozen pianos and banjos, and I could never persuade him that my choice of lonely spots was not accident but design. Now Somershall is an important yachting centre on these waters, and I did not doubt that Ned had hoped to find, at the end of our day's sail, cheerful companionship and the stir and bustle of life. I was sorry for his disappointment, but, after all, it was my holiday, not his. So I left him to roll up the sails, and dived into the cabin to lay the table for my evening meal.

"While I was thus engaged, I noticed an unexpected motion

in the boat, which brought me out again in a hurry to see what was happening. I found that Ned was swinging her right round, so that her nose pointed down stream and her stern faced the old tub that was moored above us. It was a trifling matter, but it annoyed me for two reasons—first, because if the wind were to get up in the night it would blow straight into the cabin; and, secondly, because although the aforesaid tub seemed to be temporarily deserted, I had no guarantee that her owners would not return, and, if they did so, I should be more exposed to the jarring noise of song and voices than in our original position.

“What are you doing that for?” I asked, sharply.

“But Ned was ready with his answer.

“By the look of the sky,” he said, “I think there’ll be a shift o’ wind before the morning.”

‘I looked at the sky, but could see no indication of such a shift. The clouds were banking up in the west, the direction out of which the breeze was blowing, and, if there was to be any change, I guessed that it would take the form of an increase of wind from the same quarter. However, I said nothing. One learns from schoolmastering not to nag at people when they are irritable, and Ned’s face at that moment reminded me very much of a boy who is nursing some grievance, real or imaginary.

‘While Ned was cooking the potatoes, I untied the dinghy and went for a spin up the river. After a long day’s sailing it is pleasant to exercise your limbs, and there is nothing like a pair of oars for taking the creases out of you. On my way back I took a good look at the boat that was to be my neighbour for the evening. She was one of those cruising craft that you may see by the score on the Broads in the summer months, with the mast set far forward, a lug sail, and a low cabin—the kind of boat that two or three men will get cheap, and sail themselves, for they are easy to handle, and stiff in a wind. She was in a dilapidated condition, and her name, the *Dandy*, was ludicrously out of keeping with her general appearance, for the paint was off her sides in places, her sail-cover was rotting on the boom, and somehow there was a look of forlornness and neglect about her that was almost pathetic, and gave quite a melancholy tinge to my reflections.

“To whom does that boat belong?” I asked Ned, when he appeared at the entrance of the cabin with a dish of steaming potatoes.

‘Ned prides himself on knowing every boat on the river, and, by a glance at her sails a mile off, he will tell you the name and owner of any yacht you point out to him.

"I can't rightly say who she belong to now," replied Ned. "She were built at Brundall. Two gentlemen from London bought her last year and was sailing her about in these waters. But," he added, grimly, "they was both drowned out of her, by what I've heard."

"And does that make her an unlucky boat?" I asked. I had heard of some such superstition, and Ned's serious face impressed me.

"She's more'n that," he replied, darkly; but I forbore to press him for an explanation.

'After a hearty meal I felt in a eupeptic and benevolent frame of mind, and, seeing Ned still messing about with the ropes in a gloomy and desultory sort of way, I called to him.

"Look here," I said, "Somershall is only two miles off, and I shan't want the dinghy again to-night. You're a young and active man. Why don't you jump in and pull down to the bridge and see your friends? You can spend the night there if you want to, so long as you're back the first thing in the morning. I've got all I want."

Ned's face brightened at once, and his whole manner changed.

"Thank you, sir," he said, with alacrity. "I didn't like to ask you; but I've got a married sister what live at Somershall. I wrote to tell her I reckoned to be here o' Tuesday, and I make no doubt but what she's expecting of me. If so be as you could really spare me, I'll drop down in the boat as soon as I've right-sided things here, and I'll be back again afore daylight to-morrow morning."

'Ned washed up the dinner things with greater despatch than I had believed him capable of, arranged sundry ropes and gear in the orthodox manner, and before the darkness had completely shut down he had vanished round the bend on his way to Somershall, and I could hear the click of his rowlocks dying away in the distance. As I turned to go back into the cabin I cast an almost involuntary glance at the boat out of which the two men had been "drowned" a year ago. She loomed grey and ghostlike through the twilight, and at the sight of her something like a cold shiver passed through me. The thought of death is never exhilarating, and when it obtrudes itself in the middle of one's pleasure it has a peculiarly sobering and depressing effect. I tried to picture the two poor fellows who had been called away so suddenly and unexpectedly to face the grimmest of all grim realities. But a

summer evening is not a suitable time for indulging morbid fancies. I shook myself free of the idea, lit the cabin lamp, and was soon deep in a book.

'At eleven I stepped out once more on to the deck to have a look at the night, and to take a plunge before turning in. The river was flowing so silent and so black that you couldn't tell, on the further shore, where the water ended and the bank began. I stripped off my clothes, dropped over the side, and after three or four strokes I was out again on the counter drying myself. The night was dark and very still, and the clouds, which had completely covered the sky, looked heavy with rain. All of a sudden a little breeze seemed to spring out of nothing. I couldn't feel it, nor could my eye detect a ripple on the water; but I heard it sighing, in a frightened sort of way, along the rushes by the bank, and almost at the same moment a light appeared in the cabin of the *Dandy*. It gave me quite a start. I had heard no sound of oars, nor voices on the bank, and a moment before the place had seemed so quiet and deserted that this sudden evidence of the presence of others was almost disconcerting. But the next moment I was laughing at my fears. No doubt the owner of the *Dandy* had been spending the evening at Somershall, and had come back to sleep. "Whoever he is," I said to myself, "I hope he is a quiet fellow."

'But my hopes of quiet were soon to be proved false, for scarcely had I wrapped myself in my blankets and composed myself to sleep when the silence of the night was broken by harsh and discordant sounds. I could distinguish the voices of two men, who seemed to be indulging in a nocturnal carouse, for I could hear the drawing of corks and the clink of glasses, and, every now and then, snatches of a low music-hall song, shouted in coarse and tuneless accents. I bore the noise in silence for some while, but at last I could stand it no longer, and, pushing open the cabin door, I peered out. The light was still burning in the cabin of the *Dandy*, and there was no doubt as to whence the sounds proceeded. I shouted to the roisterers to shut up and go to bed, but my remonstrances, even if they were heard, produced no effect; and, realising the hopelessness of the position, I slammed the cabin doors to again, and, pressing the blankets tightly over my ears, endeavoured once more to go to sleep. I was partially successful for a time, though I never completely lost consciousness, and the sound of the voices mingled with my wandering thoughts and gave me an uneasy, restless feeling that I can only liken to a sense

of impending calamity. At last a burst of unusual violence roused me from my lethargy. The carouse had ended in a quarrel, and the air was filled with angry shouts and vulgar imprecations. "I would give my immortal soul," I said aloud, "for five minutes' talk with those bounders, just for the satisfaction of letting them know what I think of them."

'It seemed as if the spirit of my prayer, if not the letter, had been answered, for the words were hardly out of my mouth when suddenly, and as if by magic, the voices ceased. I gave a grunt of relief, rearranged the cushions that served me as a pillow, and was just closing my eyes again when I was conscious of something bumping gently against the *Dipper*, and the side on which I was lying gave a tilt downwards and rocked gently. I had heard no splash of oars, otherwise I should have been certain that a boat had come alongside, and that somebody in her was leaning heavily on the narrow gangway that ran along the vessel from the bows to the well. There were three portholes on each side of my cabin, small round panes of thick glass set in square wooden frames, and opening inwards. As the cabin was low, and the floor practically flush with the water, these portholes were not three feet above the surface of the river, and anybody who was passing in a rowboat, and had a mind to do so, could easily look in. I ought to have felt inexpressibly annoyed; instead, I am ashamed to confess it, I was filled with a nameless fear, and my heart was beating fast as I sat up noiselessly in my bunk to peer through the porthole immediately above me. As I approached my head to the opening, I was conscious of a cold, clammy feeling in the air, like a waft from the bottom of some dark and slimy pit, and the next moment I had started back with a cry, for there, not two inches from me, on the further side of the porthole, was the face of a man.

'I have said that the night was dark and there was no light in the cabin, but I could see the face quite distinctly. It was a fat, white, common face, with a ragged, red moustache that drooped over a pair of sensual lips. The mouth was set in a vacant, changeless smile that drew one corner of the lips slightly upwards. The forehead was bald, except for a tuft of sandy hair in the centre. One pale-blue, fishy eye leered at me with an expression of vulgar familiarity; in the place where the other should have been there was a sightless socket. In the stern of the dinghy, out of which the man was leaning, I could see, with the tail of my eye, the dim outlines of a second figure; but I was too much absorbed in the thing immediately in front of me to take in anything else accurately.

I cannot describe to you exactly the feeling which this face produced on me, but I imagine that a tame bird must experience similar sensations when a rat or weasel is climbing about its cage and thrusting a wicked head through the bars. For one moment I was paralysed with terror, the next, I had burst open the cabin doors and jumped wildly on to the bank. Once out in the open, with room to move and run, I recovered my nerve and glanced curiously about me. The dinghy and its occupants had disappeared, but the quarrel had begun again on the *Dandy*, more violent and menacing than before. By the light that shone from her cabin I could see two figures struggling in the well and swaying about dangerously near the side, and I fancied that amid the imprecations I could catch the dull thud of blows.

"Come on to the shore, you ——," I heard one of them cry, "and have it out like a man."

"Let go of my throat, you damned ——," shouted the other, "or I'll ——"

But before he could finish there was a smothered cry, and both men had gone overboard into the river with a heavy splash, and at the same moment the light in the cabin went out. I rushed frantically along the bank, crashing through the thick vegetation, and sinking into deep holes filled with slime and water.

"Where are you?" I shouted. "Call! I can't see."

The idea that two men might be drowning almost within my reach, and I powerless to help, maddened me, and drove every other thought from my head. But, strain my eyes as I might, I could see nothing but the dark unbroken surface of the river; and a deathlike silence seemed to have settled down upon the night. I was brought up at last, about a hundred feet from the *Dandy*, by a small dyke. In the darkness it was difficult for me to gauge its breadth or depth, and, as I was uncertain whether I could jump it, and afraid to plunge through it for fear I should find myself stuck in the treacherous mud, I decided that I had better go back and fetch a lantern. I knew that the tide must have carried the bodies beyond the point I had reached, and, if I was to find my way off the marsh in search of help, I must have some artificial light to aid me. So I made my way back to the *Dipper*, lit the candle-lantern that I always carry with me, and, shouldering the quant-pole, once more retraced my steps along the bank.

The dyke was less formidable than I had imagined, and with the aid of the quant-pole I was soon on the other side. Then, with a certain tightening at the heart, I stepped on board the *Dandy*.

I had some difficulty in entering the cabin. The doors were tightly shut and the wood had swollen, and it needed a violent effort to force them apart. Inside, the air was damp and musty, the wood-work was rotting, and the cushions were covered with mildew and gnawed by the river rats. A swinging lamp hung from the roof. I felt it; but it was cold, and moist with dew. There was no trace of bottles or glasses. One glance, in fact, sufficed to convince me that I was the first person who had been inside that cabin for months; and with this conviction a queer creepy feeling came over me, and I stepped quickly back on to the bank.

'Fortunately the nights in August are not very long, and with the first streak of dawn I crept into my bunk and fell asleep. But my nerves were so unstrung that the slight bump that Ned gave to our stern as he came aboard at 6.30 woke me with a start, and brought me out into the well with a scared and, I imagine, a pallid face.

"Good-morning, sir," said Ned; and the sound of his voice struck cheerfully on my ears. "I see as I come along, by her doors being open, that somebody have been aboard the *Dandy* in the night."

'Though his words were a statement of fact, his face implied a suppressed query, to which I did not reply directly.

"You said," I remarked, "that two men were drowned out of her?"

"Yes, sir," said Ned. "It were just about a year ago."

"Where did it happen?" I asked.

"I can't rightly say, sir," replied Ned. "The boat were moored where she is now, but the bodies was found two miles lower down—by the eel-set."

"Is it known *how* it happened?" I asked again.

"It were never known for certain," said Ned, lowering his eyes as if to avoid mine. "One of the gentlemen had lost an eye and couldn't see very clear. They do suppose that he missed his footing and fell in, and that the other went in after him. Least-ways, they were both found together, clutching hold of one another."

"And was there any suggestion of foul play?"

"There *was* some talk," replied Ned, evasively, "but I could never get the rights of it. The verdict what they gave at the inquest was 'Accidental death.'"

"Thank you, Ned," I said. "That's all I wanted to know and now you can be getting me my breakfast."

G. F. BRADBY.

THE LAST OF THE PROCTORS.

A PORTRAIT hangs before me on the wall as I write this heading. It is of a young gentleman, some twenty-three years of age, smooth, confident, his spectacled eyes fixed in 'the gladsome light of jurisprudence.' He wears the dress of the Victorian 'thirties, supplemented by an ermine-trimmed gown of black silk. On the table before him is an undecipherable legal document, which, with an old-fashioned watch, portly and unfurried, rounds off the composition in a nice allusion to the leisureliness of an age which put time on one side when engaged in the study of its prerogatives.

It, the watch, was fetched, no doubt, for the occasion, from the comfortable security of a fob and its propinquities; not, like your feverish dyspeptic, the modern chronometer, from a place near to the flurried heart of an age grown jealous of its minutes. *It* took its beat from a tranquil digestion. *It* spelled out time sedately. It was never (to recall the classic garnishes of its 'own era) *tempus edax rerum*, the devourer of its children, of itself, of its most honoured sinecures. Such cannibalism was for a degenerate race, the reforming Titans of the 'fifties. Now even they are grown remote from us; and, remoter far than Hyperion from Apollo, glimmers a London without railways, and *with* its Doctors' Commons!

It vanishes and vanishes, like drifts of iridescent foam on a grey sand, this London of Stow, of Strype, of Lamb, of Dickens, of Henley even—this dear London. The best of the 'Voluntaries' are already past history; the horse will be banished within a generation to its parks. For my part, I feel it a distinction, beyond any pride of modernity, to hold hands with the least little personal memory of that phantom city; and so I make my bow, fond and filial, to the portrait aforesaid, which represents *the last of the Proctors*.

He and one other, having been entered, *pari passu*, on the final roll of that august body, were pronounced so, I believe, in no complimentary regard for their profession, by the late Sir Walter Besant. Well, one may be filial and humorous. If there is honour in being the last kick, so to speak, of an expiring glory,

the glory in this case, it must be admitted, had outlived its reputation. Still it is better to end an abuse than begin one—better to be the gentleman of the portrait than Master Henry Hervie, Dean of the Arches, who in 1567, desiring a compacter lodgment for his lawyers of the Ecclesiastical Courts, leased of Lord Mountjoy the building which was actually the nucleus of one of the snuggest corporations ever conceived.

Burned down in the Great Fire of London, and rebuilt at the expense of its own jealous Collegians, the ashes of the second 'Commons' are again, and more surely at this date, trodden out by the foot of Time. Its portals in Dean's Court, where the touters, between 'watermen and confectioners,' watched to 'bag' the potential client; its Carolean College; its Proctors' offices, on whose site the Cathedral Choir School, itself by now a dingy antique of '74, stands; its temples and Common-rooms, all are gone and supplanted by a hundred drearier testimonies in brick and mortar to a commercial age. So it seems to me, though in its time it certainly claimed and nursed a whole township of unjustified privileges. Good Lord! What an august rookery it was!—a very incubator for sinecures, where more comfortable little nest-eggs were hatched to the acre than a whole ward could produce elsewhere. The father of the 'portrait' had his, in 'Keeper of the Records of the Admiralty'; the 'portrait' himself owned another; until, 'coming over' in the Oxford Movement, he resigned it *in foro conscientie*, which let abusers note. No wonder there were horror and lamentation in those Courts when (in '57, I think it was) the Act was proposed for letting in attorneys and such scrannel folk to a share in the profits of the game. 'I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright'—of ending my days, of all of us ending our days in the workhouse. That was the tragic forecast at the moment; but it turned out better than expected; for the Proctors were compensated for their ill-treatment, and so adequately to their traditions that every pension, of the hundred and fifty or so received, amounted in itself to a sinecure. Undoubtedly the 'portrait' had the least cause of any to complain, seeing how he profited, though the 'Commons' very Benjamin, by the portentousness of the demands which preceded him. When the Law itself claims compensation, it is well to be a joint in a limb of it, though one is no more than the tip of its tail.

Well, he hung up his silk (he must have been 'gowned,' by the way, something contemporaneously with Spenlow), and—retired? By no means. Though the iconoclasts were at work in the illustrious rookery, there were pickings still for the Collegiates among the ruins. They had been compensated for the loss of a monopoly, not debarred their equal chances in the new republic of jurisprudence. 'Portrait' and partner turned solicitors—or, rather, true to the magnificent traditions of their College, caused their managing clerk to pass the examinations for them—and continued to practise, in cases of probate and divorce, in their offices in Great Carter Lane among the ashes of a mightier past.

And here it seems pertinent to inquire, What *was* a Proctor? Does the reader know? He has gathered, perhaps, some loose data from the great Samuel Weller and the ineffable Mr. Steerforth. If he has not, let me refer him to 'David Copperfield,' page 242 in the original edition, where he will find the following exegesis. 'He is,' says there the Dickensian rake, 'a sort of monkish attorney. He is, to some faded Courts held in Doctors' Commons—a lazy old nook near St. Paul's Churchyard—what solicitors are to the courts of law and equity.' That was a fact; but, taken by itself and with what follows, it amounted only to picturesque generalising. The Proctors stood in the same relation as solicitors to law and equity, only, *pace* the Master, it was on the ecclesiastical side, plus or including Admiralty cases—God knows why, unless it were that Simon Peter was a nautical character. Dickens (whom Sir Lewis Morris remembers having met in Fleet Street, 'a flare of incongruous colours from head to heel')—Dickens, superlative and democrat, rushed in, giving the lie to Pope, where angels fear to tread. He did not mind little 'croppers,' so long as he got his foot on the abuse. I think it improbable, for instance, that Spenlow, a rather mushroom recruit, would have been in a position to receive an articulated pupil at all. The body was very jealous of its increase, and one of its enactments was that only the thirty-four senior Proctors, and of them only those who were of five years' standing in such seniority, were permitted to take a first articulated clerk, or 'clerk apprentice' (at a thousand or so pounds premium); and a second in no case until the former had served five years, and then by permission of the Court alone. But Dickens was Dickens; and perhaps, after all, it is better to spell Spenlow than accuracy.

Well, a great quantity of water has run under London Bridge since the railways, with *their* flood, competed and the 'Commons' was submerged. Survivors, to-day, of the charge of the Light Brigade may number a score: I doubt if there live one of that more powerful ecclesiastical force. The 'Portrait,' the Benjamin, died at a ripe age in '88. The mark of *his* footprints is long obliterated. I went the other day to Carter Lane (once Great and Little; now an indeterminate title), and could not identify the spot of the old, dull, low, dignified, dust-sanctified offices—number eleven in the 'Great,' I think they used to be, and somewhere, it sticks in my mind, 'contagious' to the 'Blue House Dining Rooms,' and to another older house (number 69-73 in the modern bill) with a fine doorway. All that vessel of legal holiness is broken and scattered, and only the scent of its roses clings to the fragments in such labels as Pilgrim, Sermon, Godliman (how beautiful!) and Friar Streets, and in Creed, and—alas for the significance of the title!—in Addle Lanes. Round by Water Lane, which I remember as once descending, intricate and dirty, to an un-railway-spanned Thames, still lingers, ghost of a dearer past, the Apothecaries' Hall; and still in Dean's Yard is tucked away, fearful of the fearful improver, the lovely old Jacobean Deanery, with the Stuart pineapples on its gate-posts. But, near that same spot, where once Jingle and Tony Weller brought their matrimonial affairs to a crisis, your modern marriage-licensee must climb the stairs of a hideous Chicago-inspired erection, and, over the offices of the London and Westminster Bank, procure his unromantic dispensation. *O tempora, O mores!*

And so, again, to what *was* a Proctor? for there is nothing in all this but to challenge proof of any one at this date knowing. Well, he was an officer of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and his business, like that of the Roman procurator from whom he derived, was to act as agent between a client and the Courts to which he was attached. He was, in fact, in that relation to both which an attorney at common law, or a solicitor in Chancery, held towards *his* Court and client; only, inasmuch as he dealt with close and jealously guarded prerogatives, his emoluments were by many per cent. handsomer.

Did you want to lodge an appeal on any matter ecclesiastical within the province of Canterbury: did you want to make, or prove, or dispute a will: did you want to better the civil law in matters of pluralities, or succession to benefices, or non-residence,

or the marrying a wife without banns, or the getting rid of one without poison: finally, were you a mariner, or shipowner, or pirate in difficulties over some little affair of sinking or salvage, straight you went to a Proctor, who—having received from you a ‘proxy,’ confirming, and submitting to the consequences of, all his acts and deeds—prepared your case, and in due time instructed one of the doctors or advocates to argue it for you, in a wig and scarlet gown, whether before the Court of Arches, or the Prerogative Court, or the Consistory Court or Court of Faculties and Dispensations, or the Admiralty Court. In any case, and wherever it was, you did not likely come out without a sound bleeding, the more so as, no *viva voce* evidence being received, you had never a chance of cutting on your own account the meandering stream of verbosity. In brief and in fine, this snug corporation shared within its own thinly peopled bounds all the profits at the present day accruing to the processes of the Probate and Divorce and Admiralty divisions of the Law Courts, in addition to some pickings from marriage licences, and from attestations made by clients on matters affecting its own Courts, for which purpose and to such extent each Proctor was, by official title, a ‘notary public,’ as well as ‘one of the procurators-general of the Arches Court of Canterbury and of the High Court of Admiralty.’ It was a long fall when it came, though happily into a golden slough.

Doctors’ Commons, it was true, did not hold an unassailable bull of infallibility. It was possible to appeal from its decisions to the ‘Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,’ where the Proctor conducting his case was bound by statute to employ a barrister in addition to his own advocate of the red gown—a sacrilege almost upon the hallowed order. The Proctor, moreover, suffered certain grievances within his own Alsatia. He had no official residence or inn to himself, in the ‘Commons’; but was ‘very inconveniently dispersed about the narrow streets near the College.’ However, he did very well altogether in his narrow streets, the limitations of which remain, and perhaps the gold; but the atmosphere is fled. That grew out of the original Court of Arches, which was held, *de arcubus*, in the old Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, and, once dissipated, could never be recovered. The Court and its atmosphere were translated apostolically to the ‘Commons’ in 1567, though, curiously enough, there is a reference by Pepys just upon a hundred years later to sittings still being held in the old quarters in Cheapside. ‘Thence to Bow

Church, to the Court of Arches, where a judge sits, and his proctors about him in their habits, and their pleadings all in Latin.' The last is a touch as delightfully characteristic of the profession, as is that of Mr. Samuel of himself a few lines lower, where he relates how he gave his little Susan cook sixpence for serving him up a succulent dinner.

The Dean of the Arches—a sort of suffragan Archbishop of Canterbury in matters of Church, plus Probate and Admiralty, law—was also President of the College of the Doctors of the Law, who wore the scarlet gowns, and were the right owners of the inns and Colleges of the 'Commons.' He is represented, in a larger significance, by the Lord Penzance of our day. As to the Proctors, they were originally admitted, I suppose, as a sort of stately middle-man, since an advocate could not be expected to plead on the direct loose and floundering instructions of a client. They were rather in the position of interpreters to an embassy, men of cultivation and wide acquirements; and they ended, I rather think, by dominating the doctors, who owed to them their employment. The Common Hall of both, where all cases were heard, was, according to Mr. Copperfield :

A large dull room, not unlike a chapel to my thinking. . . . The upper part of this room was fenced off from the rest; and there, on the two sides of a raised platform of the horse-shoe form, sitting on easy old-fashioned dining-room chairs, were sundry gentlemen in red gowns and grey wigs, whom I found to be the doctors aforesaid. Blinking over a little desk like a pulpit-desk, in the curve of the horse-shoe, was an old gentleman, whom if I had seen him in an aviary, I should certainly have taken for an owl, but who I learned was the presiding judge. In the space within the horse-shoe, lower than these, that is to say, on about the level of the floor, were sundry other gentlemen, of Mr. Spenlow's rank, and dressed like him in black gowns with white fur upon them, sitting at a long green table. Their cravats were in general stiff, I thought, and their looks haughty. . . . The languid stillness of the place was only broken by the chirping of the fire and by the voice of one of the doctors, who was wandering slowly through a perfect library of evidence, and stopping to put up, from time to time, at little roadside inns of argument on the journey. Altogether, I have never, on any occasion, made one at such a cosey, dozey, old-fashioned, time-forgotten, sleepy-headed little family-party in all my life.

That is one point of view. Here is another, by another writer, who described what he saw in 1843 :

The Common Hall . . . was a comfortable place, with dark polished wainscoting reaching high up the walls, while above hung the richly emblazoned arms of learned doctors dead and gone; the fire burned cheerily in the central stove. The dresses of the unengaged advocates in scarlet and ermine, and of the proctors in ermine and black, were picturesque. The opposing advocates sat in high

galleries, and the absence of prisoner's dock and jury-box—nay, even of a public—impressed the stranger with a sense of agreeable novelty.

A chaque oiseau son nid !

Such were the Proctors of the 'Commons,' their duties and their aspects, of whom and of which was their smiling Benjamin, the subject of this sketch. They are all as dead and forgotten at this day as the Cries of London, and without a Wheatley to record them. Spenslow I may be forgiven for refusing to accept as a type. He represented Dickens's view, temperamentally and sociologically, of a body which at least boasted among its members such judicial luminaries and stately forensic wits as Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, who was so fat that he had to be carried to and from his chair by two footmen; as Dr. Lushington; as Lord Stowell, who throve and mellowed on beefsteak pudding and port. I, also, have a picture in my mind of one, a student and scholar, a man rich in attainments which he owed, though no doubt only indifferently and indirectly, to early experiences in that exclusive school of jurisprudence. Cherishing this picture, I know well that it was possible at once to have been a Proctor and an accomplished *littérateur*, a fine musician, a delicate artist—something, even, of a poet.

Holding to that little link of memory, I can recall once upon a famous time crossing, in a savour of gas-flare and wooden hoarding, the temporary bridge at Blackfriars (where the new railway ended for the time being), which passed between the old structure and the new then a-building. Somehow to this day Doctors' Commons is associated queerly in my mind with that smell of gas and wood—gas, early gas, reflected dimly in the dark sedate old panelling of an antique office; wood which was surely sawn originally from the timbers of the Ark. I can recall that very same old managing clerk, who was the true and only solicitor of the firm, and how he wore gold spectacles on a cherubic face, and swallow-tails, and a ruff to his shirt, and was in every smile and crease the very copy and pattern of Tim Linkinwater. I remember how I was deposited, a little limb of the parent stock, in a great chair, to await in awed expectancy the moment when an elder brother—himself a 'clerk apprentice,' but in the new style—should be at liberty to join me in a rare promised treat of dinner and theatre; and how, during the interval, Tim, kind old man, amused himself and me by drawing me horses in ink, with strokes for limbs and blobs for joints. The subsequent drama of

'Henry Dunbar' (at the old Olympic, if I remember rightly), followed by the pathetic extravaganza of 'The Princess Primrose and the Four Pretty Princes,' stick not dearer in my memory than the smile of that benignant figure. He was fruit of the 'Commons,' as was the other. I hope I may be forgiven the little personal reminiscences in view of their filial vindication of a somewhat libelled order.

BERNARD CAPES.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Readers of the *Log of a Sea Waif* will doubtless remember that at a very early age I obtained a considerable acquaintance with the West Indies and Central American ports, and during the last two years of my sea-life I renewed that intimacy. But having once settled down ashore I gave up all idea of ever seeing those sunny isles again, although I often felt a great longing to revisit them.

It was, then, with no ordinary pleasure that in the beginning of 1904 I received a most courteous invitation from the chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company to make a cruise around those well-remembered isles. I accepted gratefully, and made the most delightful trip of my life, although it was much later in the season than the period ever chosen by tourists. And in the following pages I have endeavoured to set down my impressions of the tour from the point of view of a tourist on pleasure bent and without any political or economical views whatever. I can only hope that the reading of these sketches will be as pleasant as the writing of them has been, in which case I shall be abundantly repaid.—F. T. B.

WE are now fairly on the old buccaneer track, for we are bound to the Isthmus, where so many bloody deeds were done under all sorts of pretexts or none. For although buccaneering really had its origin in the great Island of Hayti or San Domingo (it is called by both names now), its more extended operations were carried on from Port Royal. It was hence that Sir Henry Morgan sailed for his historic attack on Panama, the world being regaled with the spectacle of a British Governor who was also one of the most bloodthirsty pirates and murderers that ever lived. It is of no avail to say that he was fighting against his country's foes; really he was a man without a country, *hostis humani generis*, and his only object in life was the gratification of his horrible lusts. Providence chooses strange weapons for working out her ends, and verily, guilty as the Spaniards were, they were terribly repaid for all their cruelties to the hapless Indians whom they supplanted by having such fiends as Morgan let loose upon them. And, as we steamed across that lonely, peaceful sea, I could not help picturing Morgan and his unspeakable host of villains sailing in their motley fleet in the same direction, each one of them panting with lust of blood and plunder, an awful contrast to our serene and peaceful errand. Also the contrast between the conditions of life on board those old buccaneering vessels and ours is so great

that the mind can hardly take it in, will refuse to realise how it was possible for men to live at all under such bestial circumstances, with such nameless horrors in the way of food and drink to keep them up to their work as the buccaneers did.

Sunday at sea in these ships is always, to me at least, a delightfully peaceful time. It is a day of rest indeed, for even those extraordinarily energetic souls who consider every moment wasted unless they are playing some of the ordinary ship games feel it incumbent upon them to refrain from them to-day. But for the crew that day there was only the rest obtainable in the watch below. The watch on deck and a large gang of labourers were tremendously busy removing from the ship the last traces of that most essential but terribly soiling operation of coaling. In Kingston they had received on board during our absence sufficient coal to last the ship back to England, and so dry was it that, in spite of every precaution being taken to localise the uncleanness, coal dust had permeated into apparently impossible places. But so energetic was the attack made upon the cleaning that by the time Sunday was well over the ship was restored to her ordinary condition of purity. I could not, however, help feeling like a heartless Sybarite, as I lay luxuriously on the promenade deck in a long chair watching the proceedings. I felt as if I had no business to be loafing while so many of my shipmates were thus toiling. I do not think I shall ever get used to it.

At daylight next morning the coast of Central America was revealed close at hand, and at seven o'clock we rounded the low spit upon which Colon stands, and, in company with the British cruiser *Retribution*, steamed slowly in. She, of course, came to an anchor, but we went in alongside the wharf in our usual easy nonchalant style, the whole operation from stopping the engines taking only about ten minutes. Here we found a motley collection of steamships. There was a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a Norwegian, a German, and two Americans, vessels of the direct New York line these latter. The remainder of our passengers from England, all on business bent, now prepared to leave us, to my great regret, for our fellowship had been of the pleasantest. Moreover, so bad was the impression I had received of Colon and the Isthmus generally from the lurid stories I had heard and read of its extreme unhealthiness that I felt pity for them being compelled to land here. Most of them, however, were crossing the Isthmus in order to take ship at Panama for Chili and Peru.

So uninviting did the place seem that I felt not the slightest inclination to go ashore, especially as the heat threatened to exceed any that we had yet experienced. But I was assured that yellow fever, which used to slay great numbers of people here regularly, had been practically stamped out by careful destruction of mosquito germs. All pools of stagnant water were treated with kerosene, which spreads a thin film over the surface and is a barrier of death to the newly developed mosquito through which he cannot pass. By this simple means of destroying the malignant little inoculators of disease, an immense and permanent benefit to the dwellers in Panama has been established, and now by all accounts once deadly Colon has been robbed of its most grisly terror. There was another reason why I should go ashore; I had heard—as who has not?—of the tremendous fiasco of the Panama Canal, of the masses of material dumped here and allowed to lie unclaimed, unnoticed, unwanted. The whole story was so strange that it seemed quite necessary to see for oneself evidences of the shameful waste, incompetency, and speculation that abounded in Canal times before being really able to believe it all. Still, I doubt if I should have gone had it not been for the courtesy of the company's agent, who procured me a free pass by railway to Panama, and telegraphed to the agents in Panama to meet me and do everything for me that I could wish. So I shook off my sloth and faced the glare, having several gentlemen from the ship with me for company. In passing I may say that the railway is American, with all the faults of the American railway and none of its excellences. The distance is forty-seven miles, the time taken three hours, and the fare first-class, which is much inferior to third class at home, is £4 return. So that I think I am justified in calling it the most expensive railway for its length in the world; and yet when one considers the frightful expenditure of life in the building of it, no mere money payment would appear adequate to repay. It is said that every sleeper cost the life of a man, and I have no difficulty in believing it. My great trouble is to understand how men could live at all, let alone work, in the dank steamy undergrowth of the long malaria-haunted levels along which the railway runs for many miles. And going back farther still, how did the old Spaniards ever march and fight in this awful climate, even wearing armour, in which one would have thought they must have roasted like a lobster in its shell before a fierce fire? Englishmen, too; but there! what is there of the seemingly impossible in the most terrible

climates in the world which Englishmen have not done? Yet even Kingsley, magician as he is, never succeeds in wondrous 'Westward Ho' in making one realise the furnace-like heat of these equatorial forests; in fact, I doubt if any one could. Only actual experience can convince.

However, I must not anticipate. The train was to start at 10 A.M., so, dressing in my lightest flannels, I strolled up the wharf and into the train. There was hardly any place that one could say with any certainty was the station. For here, as in so many old towns in Central America, everything seemed casual, ramshackle, impermanent; as if possibly it might have to be abandoned in a hurry. The railway ran, or crawled, windingly along the main street, the houses upon which gave no hint of the amazing flow of wealth into this place a handful of years ago. Indeed, the casual visitor would jump at the conclusion that most of the *soi-disant* shops were just drinking dens; and I was solemnly given to understand that the soil upon which Colon stood was a rich compost of corpses and sewage, since in Canal days, as in revolutionary times, men died like flies, and were hurriedly shoved out of sight anywhere they happened to be, while, as for sanitation, I doubt if the word has any meaning at all to a Central American. I climbed into the train doubtfully, the big bell on the front of the engine tolled dolefully, *more Americano*, and we started along the street. Tony Veller, Esq., said the whistle of a locomotive always seemed to express: 'Here's 250 souls in mortal terror, an' here's their 250 screams in vun,' but the American locomotive starting always seems to say: 'I am going to kill a lot of people before I stop, and so I'm tolling their knells beforehand.'

It was some little time before we 'gathered way' as a sailor would say, for the locomotive was almost a toy (albeit a very dirty toy), but presently we were bowling along the level sand amidst a tangled growth of banana trees, coco palms, and wooden huts, some of which made pretensions to being shops, usually kept by Chinamen, on one side, and an untidy beach sloping down to a dazzlingly blue sea on the other. And then we ran into an oven. A perfect forest of bananas in full bearing encroached upon the line and shut out all breeze while the sun vertically showered down his fervent glare upon us. Through the open windows of the car came a steady shower of soot, for the locomotive was burning patent fuel, and its combustion was far from perfect. Very soon those of us who were newcomers had reduced our garments to the

simplest elements, and were looking enviously upon certain cold-blooded individuals who, even in this stewing heat, were wearing serge coats, vests, and trousers. How or why do they do it? I do not know. I am aware that some people have a theory that what will keep out cold will keep out heat, but as far as I am concerned that theory is a false one.

The speed, never exceeding twenty miles an hour, suddenly slackened, and the train stopped, apparently for breath, but really at a station, although at first nothing was visible but the dense boscaje around. But on closer inspection a long low shed came into view, and adjacent to it could presently be made out, amid the overgrowth of greenery, great heaps of railway material. And thenceforward, until we reached the great Culebra cutting, we were continually passing rows of locomotives, of travelling cranes, none of which had ever moved in their own proper vocation, and row after row of construction waggons. The rank vegetation of the country had played the strangest pranks with these productions of an alien civilisation. In one place I saw a noble young palm growing erect and sturdy out of the chimney of a locomotive, and in many others strange plants of every conceivable shape and manner of growth were wreathed around waggon wheels, climbing lovingly over cranes, and wandering at their own sweet will about intricate pieces of machinery destined never to fulfil the part for which they were produced. Occasionally we caught glimpses of the Chagres River, every bend and eddy of which said loudly, 'Beware of alligators!' and sometimes we came across a picturesque group of women and bright, bronze-like little children, naked as the day, engaged in washing on the verge of some sparkling stream. Be sure that wherever you see the negro woman in this country—outside of the towns, that is—she will not be idle, and in nine cases out of ten she will be laboriously making cotton or linen clothes dazzlingly white. Never mind how, only be certain that the garments will not last long. But as that minor trouble is not confined to any one district in the world where washerwomen are to be found, it would be invidious to dwell upon it here.

Presently we emerged from the stifling banana-growing lowlands into a fairly picturesque country, the sides of the line being dotted at decreasing intervals with piles of rusting railway material as before noted. And then suddenly the mighty Culebra cutting came into view, that Titanic work where a mountain has been hewn in twain in order to allow the biggest ships in the world to

pass through it on their way between the Atlantic and the Pacific. This great piece of civil engineering was, with the exception of the pier at the mouth of the Chagres River and the piles of useless machinery, the first evidence we had yet seen of the uses to which those squandered sixty millions of Panama Canal funds had been put. In itself it was a stupendous piece of work, compelling admiration and respect for the labours of those who had designed and carried it out. But our view of it was brief, for there was no station just there, and we were soon carried out of sight of it. Then we suddenly came upon the first hopeful sign we had seen in this much harassed, badly governed country. We stopped at a large straggling village, misnamed 'Empire,' and immediately became aware of a new and entirely desirable human element. Mingling nonchalantly with the slouching furtive crowd of parti-coloured people were several keen-looking well-set-up youths, whose faces were as full of intelligence as their movements were of self-confidence. They wore an eminently businesslike rig; I felt thankful to be unable to call it a uniform, remembering, as I did, the hideous travesty of clothing that soldiers have so long been called upon to wear, a garb seemingly designed to prevent the wearers from doing those violent acts and deeds which they were intended to perform. They wore blue shirts open at the neck and with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, khaki pants and gaiters, and serviceable yet not heavy-looking boots. Round their waists were bandolier belts, at one side of which hung a revolver. A khaki-coloured hat with brim turned up at one side completed this smart costume, making the wearers look eminently fit and workmanlike. These were American soldiers sent by the great Republic to preserve the peace of the Isthmus under the new agreement by virtue of which the United States has contracted to finish the Panama Canal. They were the visible signs of Northern law and order, the only thing needed in this distracted country to make it wealthy and steadily prosperous.

The reason for their presence was explained by the fact that the negotiations between the Republic of Panama and the Government of the United States had just been completed, and one of the clauses in the compact gave the latter the right to maintain order along the line of their property—if I am not wrong in describing the Canal and its adjacent land for a certain distance on either side as their property. I know it is not so called in official documents, but the difference in my name and theirs is only a difference in phraseology

—we both mean the same thing. When a people like the Americans of the United States purchase a concession like that of the Panama waterway, and, owing to the incompetence of its nominal owners, are obliged to send troops there to protect the property, there can be no question of the restoration, or retrocession rather, of the reclaimed country to its original semi-savagery. And in spite of my distrust of the Americans, and my utter detestation of their business methods, I am heartily glad to see them in Panama. They will, I feel sure, make an amazing change for the better in that hitherto unsavoury land, and, having undertaken their gigantic task, national pride will not permit them to relinquish it, whatever the cost.

Already one sees signs of the coming beneficent revolution beyond that of the presence of the American soldiers; keen-faced, smartly dressed men, with that alert nonchalance so characteristic of the American man of business, are pervading the Isthmus, not at all on pleasure bent, but taking the measure of things in their several capacities, and each absolutely determined that whoever gets 'left' in the pursuit of the almighty dollar it shall not be he. Even the inhabitants of this land of 'mañana' are awaking to the fact that 'mañana' is to be changed to 'ahora,' *to-morrow to now*. And that in itself is a portent of no mean dimensions. But I am lingering long on the road to Panama City, almost as long as that procrastinating soot-showering train. No bad likeness of a chimney-sweep out for a holiday, with eyes full of grit and parched throat, I emerged at last at the mean collection of shacks doing duty for the Panama Terminus of this most important railway. I was at once taken in charge by a courteous polyglot young German, who, for a great wonder, did not show his contempt for me because I was an Engländer and also a new chum. Perhaps the fact of my having been specially recommended to his good offices, by the great company for which his firm was agent, had more than a little to do with his most kindly reception of me. He hurried me into a carriage, and we drove off at once to the Grand Central Hotel, along the very worst roads I have yet travelled in this part of the world, so bad, indeed, that after ten minutes' drive I felt as if all my teeth were loose, and I was positively sore with bumping about. So villainous were the roads that I kept mentally comparing them with some I had suffered from in Boston and Chicago, and wondering if these were not really worse. So that when we pulled up

in front of the hotel—I beg its pardon, the Grand Central Hotel—I had seen nothing of Panama at all.

A very short experience of this hotel is sufficient to cause each new comer to scan the faces of the American visitors keenly in the earnest hope that some of them are potential hotel proprietors. For some American will surely confer an inestimable boon upon his fellow men—and women—by starting and carrying on a decent hotel in this most important place. Only think of it! here, on the great highway of the Isthmus, in its principal city, where all the year round there is a steady stream of visitors on business or pleasure bent, the principal, almost the only, hotel is a sort of tenth-rate boarding-house, of which the only thing not entirely condemnatory that can be said about it is that it is big. And for housing like paupers and feeding like pigs one pays like a prince—eight dollars for a bottle of very medium claret, equivalent to sixteen shillings English. I do not wish to deal in superlatives, either eulogistic or condemnatory, but I would strongly advise tourists bound to Pacific ports who are taking this route to put in the time they have to wait at Colon, where there is a decent hotel that compensates for the other drawbacks of the port, rather than be made miserable at Panama and fleeced most shockingly into the bargain. However, the Americans will alter all that. Under their *régime* one will have to pay, of course, and a high price, but there will be an equivalent for the money.

After luncheon, as a carriage drive was impossible, a small party of us sallied forth, first visiting the historic Cathedral, which stood on the opposite side of the Plaza to our hotel. While changing I had noted from my cell window the ruinous condition of the building, and especially the way in which, through utter neglect, the various parasitic plants of the country were gradually covering the towers and terraces of the building with a rich mantle of vegetation, the roots of which were, of course, displacing the stones with which the edifice was built. Not that it ever had been a fine building in any sense of the word. Its design was practically the same as usual in these countries and in Malta, two dumpy towers at the corners of an almost flat front, and a long barn-like body trailing away astern of them, with a sort of dome over the chancel. Within, both building and ornaments were—well, just tawdry. Over the whole place brooded an air of decay, as if, after dominating these lands for centuries, the ‘Church’ realised that at last it was losing its grip on them, and languidly acquiesced

in the fact. Well, I am no friend to Rome, and the record of her misdeeds out here makes me, when reading it, grow faint and sick with horror, but still, she stands for some recognition of God in these parts; and if she goes there is nothing to take her place. As in France, the people will judge all ministers of religion by what they know of Rome, and will refuse to acknowledge any. In the American strip, however, it may be different. I do not attempt any description of the interior of the cathedral; there is really nothing to describe, or rather worth description. Only I was struck by the fact that during the whole time we were in and around it we did not see one priest or custodian of any kind. There were a few devout souls who had stepped aside from their burdens for a few minutes into its cool darkness to pray, and a nun with a patient other-world face knelt at the door and asked alms for the poor, but of the usual signs of activity in such churches there were none. But every door was wide open.

Emerging from the cathedral into the glaring sunlight we strolled, rather aimlessly I must admit, about the city. But it would not develop itself for us, would not become anything else but a fortuitous collection of mean houses fringing those horrible roads. And presently we became aware for the first time that here, in Central America, that chivalrous creature, the Spaniard, has had all his politeness bred out of him. The ladies of the party, although escorted, were simply stared out of countenance by groups of well-dressed men, who even followed to have another stare when we hesitated for a minute at the corner of a street before deciding which way to go. At last, under this never-ending scrutiny, we all got so hot and angry that we fled down to the bay and took a boat. During the operation quite a little crowd gathered, taking apparently an intense interest in every detail of our faces. I say ours, but I must limit the pronoun to the ladies, who unfortunately had no veils. The only place I ever remember seeing anything like it before was at Canton, but that calm Celestial scrutiny was not nearly so galling as this. It did not seem personal somehow, the Chinese stare being more like that of an automatic face than anything else.

Once out on the smooth waters of the bay, things began to adjust themselves. Our view of the city was in proper focus, we were not hampered by so many details, and the crumbling tree-clad fortifications, with the eternal sea beating up against them as it had always done, somehow managed to get history into per-

spective. It did not need a great exercise of imagination to see back into the past when these quiet waters were dotted with Spanish treasure-ships, to note them receiving their lading of silver, spice, pearls, and other valuable merchandise, borne here on the backs of Indians from the interior, whose path was punctuated with skeletons in every attitude that a miserable death could suggest. Outside, one rejoiced to think, lay hidden retribution in the shape of a group of little English ships, their crews hungering fiercely for the encounter with the Dons, in the almost certain prospect of snatching from them their ill-gotten treasure, and incidentally, perhaps, sending them with their ships to a swifter and more merciful death than they had given the poor Indians. It all seemed so real and close out here. And, as the evening drew swiftly on and the gorgeous colours of the sunset bathed the distant city in a glow of varied tints, there hung over the whole scene a glamour of romance that was quite fascinating.

But we returned to shore, and were immediately disillusionised. Squalor took the place of glamour, and evil smells replaced the sweet, fresh sea breezes, so strong and pure, with which our lungs had been filled while on the bay. This latter experience made us think complacently of the coming of the Americans, whose first business, we were told, was to sanitize, to cleanse the city from its foulness, and introduce some decency of living. Rather reluctantly we returned to the hotel, quite afraid to meet the menu after our experience at luncheon. But it was necessary to eat, and we ate, very dubiously and sparingly, and as soon as the depressing function was over we retreated from the building to the Plaza opposite under the palms and the electric light. For it was really impossible for strangers with ladies accompanying them to sit there. In the first place it was exceedingly comfortless, being only a bare stone area with little tables and chairs scattered about, not at all like the romantic Spanish Patio with its fountain and trees and flowering shrubs. And no sooner were we seated than well-dressed, weary-eyed men drifted in, took seats near, and began to stare the ladies of the party out of countenance. So we fled, and meeting the amiable Consul, Mr. Claude Mallet, listened to his wonderful stories of vicissitudes in Panama, wonderful specimens of British subjects claiming, not merely his protection or assistance, but his aid as arbitrator in domestic disputes or petty inter-family squabbles. In fact, the Jamaica negro, of whom he spoke in the terms one usually employs in describing a wayward child—that is, with some petulance but a

good deal of affection—kept him fully amused in the intervals of much more serious work. His society was a great boon to us under the circumstances, and I, for one, felt deeply grateful to him for his geniality and courtesy. Had it not been for him we should have been compelled to go to bed and lie listening to the baffled hum of mosquitoes outside the closely drawn net, unable to read by the light of the one candle, and meditating upon the possibility of the bed having been last occupied by a fever-stricken patient, as really happened here quite a short time ago. This, however, Mr. Mallet saved us from, and when we went to bed at eleven we sank at once to sleep nor awakened until it was time to go to the train next morning and escape from Panama.

The descent into the steaming lowlands from the comparatively fresh air of the hills was certainly unpleasant, although I could not help feeling that it was ungrateful to notice it so much after our little visit to a cooler atmosphere. But the sensation of home coming was full payment, and I must confess also the prospect of leaving the Isthmus of Panama was distinctly pleasant.

G. D., FRIEND OF LAMB.¹

By E. V. LUCAS.

LAMB conferred the patent of immortality on many of his friends : certainly on George Dyer. But for certain letters and the two 'Elia' essays, 'Oxford in the Vacation' and 'Amicus Redivivus,' Dyer's name would now be unknown. As it is, we know more of him than of many of our living acquaintance.

The suggestion that Lamb and Dyer were at Christ's Hospital together is an error, for Dyer was twenty-seven when Lamb first entered its gates. He was born in 1755, the son of a watchman at Wapping, and his nomination for the Blue Coat School was obtained through some kindly ladies. There he remained from the age of seven to nineteen. Anthony Askew, classical scholar, and physician to Christ's Hospital, was interested in the boy, lent him books, and encouraged his Greek studies. Dyer, becoming a Grecian, left Christ's Hospital in 1774, two years after Askew's death, and passed to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he was a favourite with the Master, the eccentric Richard Farmer, the friend of Parr and Dr. Johnson. It was while Dyer was at Cambridge that Farmer, then Vice-Chancellor, desiring the seal of the University from a member of the *Caput* who disapproved of a projected address to the King in support of the American policy of the Government, broke open his door with a sledge-hammer. Farmer loved above all things three : old port, old books, and old clothes ; and in the second and third of his preferences, especially the third, his taste was followed loyally by his pupil. Dyer subsequently wrote the memoir of Farmer, as of many another man, for the 'Annual Necrology.'

On taking his degree in 1778 Dyer became an usher in a school at Dedham, that to which Lamb refers in the first version of the essay 'Oxford in the Vacation,' in a passage afterwards suppressed :

D. commenced life, after a course of hard study in the 'House of pure Emmanuel,' as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at —, at a salary of

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eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend, he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr — would take no immediate notice, but, after supper, when the school was called together to evensong, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with ‘Lord, keep Thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Agar’s wish,’¹—and the like;—which to the little auditory sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity,—but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter’s demand at least.

In the following simple and dignified, and wholly admirable, letter Dyer denied Lamb’s story. I take it from the memoir of Dyer in ‘The Mirror of Literature,’ vol. xxxviii. It was written to Mr. William King in 1820 :

DEAR SIR,—I return you the tenth Number of ‘The London Magazine,’ which but for your kindness might not, perhaps, have fallen in my way. What Elia says relating to G. D., of Clifford’s Inn, is very funny, and betrays no unkind intentions, and G. D. himself would have laughed at the humour, and must have blushed at the compliments, had he not been suddenly surprised at some remarks which made him both serious and sad.

Elia, speaking of G. D.’s leaving the ‘House of pure Emmanuel,’ alluding, evidently, to a verse of a well-known old English ballad, beginning—

In the House of pure Emmanuel,
I had my education,

says, ‘he commenced life as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at —, at a salary of five pounds a year, and that of this poor stipend he never received above half, in all the laborious years he served this man —.’ He tells a pleasant anecdote ‘when poverty, &c., compelled him to hint at arrears,’ Dr. — took a certain course towards G. D., ‘which was a receipt in full for that quarter’s demand at least.’ In answer to this, the gentlemen with whom G. D. was connected at schools are now deceased, but as there are others still living, who know under what circumstances these connections were formed, they must consider the statement as illiberal and unjust. G. D. sends you the following counter-statement, every word of which you may be assured is strictly true.

G. D. commenced life as usher to Dr. Grimwood, who kept a respectable academy at Dedham, in the county of Essex, where many of the principal gentry of the county were, and are still, educated, and many of the scholars of that academy have received the first honours at the universities. Dr. G. had been fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the upper usher was, at the time, fellow of Sidney College, Cambridge; this latter place being pre-occupied, that of under usher fell, of course, to the lot of G. D., but had he continued, it is probable he would have succeeded to the upper usher’s place; be that, however, as it may, his salary was so far from being what Elia describes it, that out of it he was enabled to give £20 per annum to a most worthy person (his father), declining in years, who had every claim on his duty and affection. So far from Dr. Grimwood being in arrears during Dyer’s stay with him (which was only a

¹ Should be Agar’s wish. Proverbs xxx. 8, ‘Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.’

twelvemonth), he thinks that he received his full salary before it was due. It was a point of honour that led to his determination to leave; and when he did leave (after a proposal from Dr. Grimwood to increase his salary if he would continue), it was with much concern and affection on both sides; and the above gentleman made G. D. a present of five guineas over and above his salary. It was at this school that G. D. (to borrow Elia's expression) 'commenced life;' afterwards he became the inmate of the Rev. Dr. Ryland, who kept an academy at Northampton, on much lower terms, and consequently his ushers' salaries could not be very high; but D. was not properly in the full character of an usher here. All the said places were occupied; he was here a sort of supernumerary; it suited his convenience at the time to be there, and on the part of the Rev. Mr. R. it was an accommodation to the peculiar circumstances of G. D., who, if he did not in all things agree with this gentleman, found the situation very favourable to his own *prevailing pursuits*. It is true he continued here much longer than it was at first intended by him, or than was expected by his part employer; but G. D. is not aware that he made any regular agreements on the score of salary, and indeed, for the *reasons* just alluded to, none such could have been made. It is true that D. might have looked for some remuneration, but the Rev. Mr. Ryland knew on what circumstances, and for what purposes, he came to him from the first; he knew that it had answered those purposes; he knew that he had studied that it should do so; he knew that he had pointed out to him his resources, and if G. D. had not availed himself of those resources so much as this good gentleman thought he did, that was certainly his own fault. Further, Mr. Ryland knew that G. D. had very kind and liberal friends. G. D. considers himself to this day as under great obligations to this gentleman, and whatever he may at any time have received from him was to be considered more as a gratuity than a salary. To speak the truth, D. was in this latter situation rather in the character of a student than an usher.

The Rev. Mr. Ryland's terms for tuition were not only low, but his hand was apt to be liberal beyond his means; his peculiar situation as a very popular preacher in a particular line rendered his academy a sort of open house 'to all the vagrant train.' As to his ushers, they were commonly persons who had come to him under some peculiar difficulties, on whose gratitude he had even a claim; and if his own circumstances, for the reasons mentioned, did not allow him to give large salaries, it was understood they had enjoyed advantages under him, which were a full compensation for their services, so that some such prayer as 'Elia,' in his humorous way, alludes to, if even such had come from him, *might have had in it something more just and good than Elia is aware of*.

The Rev. Dr. Ryland was a gentleman of very extensive reading, eccentric, certainly, if ever man was, both as a reader, an author, and a man; but his understanding possessed some strong features of character; his imagination would sometimes take no common flights; and some of his publications bear evidently these marks of his eccentricities; and with the singular boldness of his remarks, every one who was acquainted with him was well aware; and it is not improbable that even G. D. may, in some unguarded moment, have made a slight allusion to them; and this, perhaps, Elia may have worked up in his farcical, poetical narrative. But you perceive, Sir, in reference to Dr. Grimwood, where he says D. 'commenced life,' not a word can be true. As to Dr. Ryland, D. recollects a circumstance which he will here mention: A certain spark was once making himself merry with some of his peculiar sayings, when he was interrupted by the Rev. Robert Robinson (whose life I have published), and who was himself a truly great man: 'Sir, let me tell you, if you take away eleven parts out of twelve from Dr. Ryland, there will still be left a greater man than

yourself.' This, however, is not here mentioned as being applicable to Elia; by no means. Elia is unquestionably a great wit, and may be a great man; but he is certainly a very different man from the spark alluded to. There are some other remarks in the witty Elia's communication to the 'London Magazine,' relative to G. D. (without *malice prepense* on his part), calculated to do mischief. Elia describes 'G. D.' as under-working for himself, 'drudging at low rates.' Is this said out of mere fun, or to excite pity towards poor 'D.'? If the latter, he should know that pity is often a poor consoler, and very frequently a bad friend. As he comically describes himself 'a votary of the desk, a notched, and cropt scrivener,' or, as he most probably is, a brother of the quill, in another sense, even what is called an author, he should know that under-workers are not considered by brother workmen as dealing fairly by the craft, and are too likely to be frustrated in their undertakings.

Excuse the length and tediousness of this letter, and believe me, Dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

G. DYER.

Lamb had something further to say on the subject some years later. Writing to Dyer in 1831 he says:

You never penned a line which for its own sake you need (dying) wish to blot. You mistake your heart if you think you *can* write a lampoon. Your whips are rods of roses. Your spleen has ever had for its objects vices, not the vicious—abstract offences, not the concrete sinner. But you are sensitive, and wince as much at the consciousness of having committed a compliment, as another man would at the perpetration of an affront. But do not lug me into the same soreness of conscience with yourself. I maintain, and will to the last hour, that I never writ of you but *con amore*. That if any allusion was made to your near-sightedness, it was not for the purpose of mocking an infirmity, but of connecting it with scholar-like habits: for is it not erudite and scholarly to be somewhat near of sight, before age naturally brings on the malady? You could not then plead the *obrepens senectus*. Did I not moreover make it an apology for a certain *absence*, which some of your friends may have experienced, when you have not on a sudden made recognition of them in a casual street-meeting, and did I not strengthen your excuse for this slowness of recognition, by further accounting morally for the present engagement of your mind in worthy objects? Did I not, in your person, make the handsomest apology for absent-of-mind people that was ever made? If these things be not so, I never knew what I wrote or meant by my writing, and have been penning libels all my life without being aware of it.

Leaving Dedham, Dyer entered the family of Robert Robinson of Cambridge, the Baptist minister (who afterwards turned to Unitarianism). The valiant Dissenter was then living at Chesterton with his numerous children, to whom G. D. was to act as tutor. At that time Dyer was fully intending to enter the Church, as all Grecians were expected to, but under Robinson's influence he, too, became a Unitarian and gave up his ecclesiastical projects. Robinson, a very remarkable, sensible, and humorous man, died in 1790, leaving Dyer to edit his 'History of Baptism,' 1790, and his 'Ecclesiastical Researches,' 1792, and to write his life in 1796—a book which Wordsworth called one of the best biographies in the lan-

guage. This work, which I have read, 'discovers' (as Dyer would say) by no means a meek mind in its author, but a decisively opinionated one. It seems to me to be a good book rather because Robinson was a strong and worthy man than because Dyer was an able biographer.

Change of faith having brought his intended career to an end, Dyer returned after Robinson's death to teaching, and took another post as usher, this time in Dr. Ryland's school at Northampton, where he had for a colleague John Clarke, father of Lamb's friend, Charles Cowden Clarke. That was in 1791. While at Northampton, at the age of thirty-six, he knew, perhaps for the first and last time, romance. Like Calverley's 'Gemini,' both G. D. and John Clarke loved the same lady, the headmaster's stepdaughter. Clarke won her, but the two rivals continued friends; and 'many years after,' writes Cowden Clarke,

when my father died, George Dyer asked for a private conference with me, told me of his youthful attachment for my mother, and inquired whether her circumstances were comfortable, because in case, as a widow, she had not been left well off he meant to offer her his hand. Hearing that in point of money she had no cause for concern, he begged me to keep secret what he had confided to me, and he himself never made farther allusion to the subject.

I think that is one of the prettiest stories I know, and it lends emphasis to Hazlitt's remark of G. D. in his essay in 1821, 'On the Look of a Gentleman' (Dyer being the common property of the essayists), that he was one of 'God Almighty's gentlemen.'

In 1792, making up his mind as to his true vocation, Dyer turned his steps to London, took those rooms in Clifford's Inn, the abode of lawyers, from which he never moved (dwelling, as Lamb said, 'like a dove in an asp's nest'), and began his long career as a hack and the friend of letters and men of letters.

Dyer's principal work was scholarly or serious; but he had his lighter moments, too, when he wrote verses, some of them quite sprightly, and moved socially from house to house. In a letter from Lamb to Wordsworth we see something of George Dyer's attitude to poetry:

To G. D. a poem is a poem. His own as good as anybody's, and (God bless him!) anybody's as good as his own; for I do not think he has the most distant guess of the possibility of one poem being better than another. The gods, by denying him the very faculty itself of discrimination, have effectually cut off every seed of envy in his bosom. But with envy, they excided curiosity also; and if you wish the copy again, which you destined for him, I think I shall be able to find it again for you, on his third shelf, where he stuffs his presentation copies uncut. . . .

Lamb adds that he recently gave Dyer his 'Works,' and without any scruple rescued the copy after a little while and made it over to John Stoddart.

Dyer's principal verses are to be found in his 'Poems,' 1800. This book originally was to consist of two volumes, one containing poetry and the other criticism; but its author altered and changed his plan, and it was ultimately sent to the printers in one volume with sixty-eight pages of preface. And then occurred a tragedy; for, just after the book was ready, Dyer suddenly realised that he had committed himself in this preface to a principle in which he did not really believe. Lamb tells the story in a letter to Manning in December 1800:

There were eighty pages of Preface, and not till that morning had he discovered that in the very first page of said Preface he had set out with a principle of Criticism fundamentally wrong, which vitiated all his following reasoning. The Preface must be expunged, although it cost him £30—the lowest calculation, taking in paper and printing! In vain have his real friends remonstrated against this Midsummer madness. George is as obstinate as a Primitive Christian—and wards and parries off all our thrusts with one unanswerable fence;—'Sir, it's of great consequence that the *world* is not *mised*!'

A few months later George Dyer's phrenesis came to a head again. Lamb told the story to Rickman, to whom Dyer had introduced him, in a letter of which, in the part appertaining to Dyer, I cannot bring myself to curtail a syllable. It is now printed for the first time, by permission of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth:

I wish I could convey to you any notion of the whimsical scenes I have been witness to in this fortnight past. 'Twas on Tuesday week the poor heathen [G.D.] scrambled up to my door about breakfast time. He came thro' a violent rain with no neckcloth on, and a *beard* that made him a spectacle to men and angels, and tap'd at the door. Mary open'd it, and he stood stark still and held a paper in his hand importing that he had been ill with a fever. He either wouldn't or couldn't speak except by signs. When you went to comfort him he put his hand upon his heart, and shook his head, and told us his complaint lay where no medicines could reach it. I was despatch'd for Dr. Dale, Mr. Phillips¹ of St. Paul's Church yard and Mr. Friend, who is to be his executor. George solemnly delivered into Mr. Friend's hands and mine an old burnt preface that had been in the fire, with injunctions, which we solemnly vow'd to obey, that it should be printed after his death with his last corrections, and that some account should be given to the world why he had not fulfilled his engagement with subscribers. Having done this and borrow'd two guineas of his bookseller (to whom he imparted in confidence that he should leave a great many loose papers behind him which would only want methodising and arranging to prove very lucrative to any bookseller after his death) he laid himself down on my bed in a mood of complacent resignation.

¹ Afterwards Sir Richard Phillips, the publisher of the *Monthly Magazine*, whom Borrow satirised in 'Lavengro.'

By the aid of meat and drink put into him (for I all along suspected a vacuum) he was enabled to sit up in the evening, but he had not got the better of his intolerable fear of dying; he expressed such philosophic indifference in his speech and such frightened apprehensions in his physiognomy that if he had truly been dying and I had known it I could not have kept my countenance. In particular when the doctor came and ordered him to take little white powders (I suppose of chalk or alum to humour him) he ey'd him with a *suspicion* which I could not account for; he has since explain'd that he took it for granted Dr. Dale knew his situation and had ordered him these powders to hasten his departure that he might suffer as little pain as possible. Think what an aspect the heathen put on with these fears upon a dirty face.

To recount all his freaks for two or three days while he thought he was going, and how the fit operated, and sometimes the man got uppermost and sometimes the author, and he had this excellent person to serve, and he must correct some proof sheets for Phillips, and he could not bear to leave his subscribers unsatisfy'd, but he must not think of these things now, he was going to a place where he should satisfy all his debts—and when he got a little better he began to discourse what a happy thing it would be if there was a place where all the good men and women in the world might meet, meaning heav'n, and I really believe for a time he had doubts about his soul, for he was very near, if not quite, light-headed. The fact was he had not had a good meal for some days, and his little dirty Niece (whom he sent for with a still dirtier Nephew, and hugg'd him; and bid them farewell) told us that unless he dines out he subsists on tea and gruels. And he corroborated this tale by ever and anon complaining of sensations of gnawing which he felt about his *heart*, which he mistook his stomach to be, and sure enough these gnawings were dissipated after a meal or two, and he surely thinks that he has been rescued from the jaws of death by Dr. Dale's white powders.

He is got quite well again by nursing and chirps of odes and lyric poetry the day long—he is to go out of town on Monday, and with him goes the dirty train of his papers and books which follow'd him to our house. I shall not be sorry when he takes his nipt carcase out of my bed, which it has occupied, and vanishes with all his Lyric lumber, but I will endeavour to bring him in future into a method of dining at least once a day. I have proposed to him to dine with me—and he has nearly come into it—whenever he does not go out, and pay me. I will take his money beforehand and he shall eat it out. If I don't it will go all over the world. Some worthless relations, of which the dirty little devil that looks after him and a still more dirty nephew are component particles, I have reason to think divide all his gains with some lazy worthless authors, that are his constant satellites. The Literary Fund has voted him seasonably £20, and if I can help it he shall spend it on his own carcase. I have assisted him in arranging the remainder of what he calls Poems. . . .

What do you think of a life of G. Dyer? I can scarcely conceive a more amusing novel. He has been connected with all sects in the world and he will faithfully tell all he knows. Everybody will read it; and if it is not done according to my fancy, I promise to put him in a novel when he dies. Nothing shall escape me. If you think it feasible, whenever you write you may encourage him. Since he has been so close with me I have perceiv'd the workings of his inordinate vanity, his gigantic attention to particles and to prevent open vowels in his odes, his solicitude that the public may not lose any tittle of his poems by his death, and all the while his utter ignorance that the world don't care a pin about his odes and his criticisms, a fact which every body knows but himself—he is a *rum genius*.

Lamb's idea of putting Dyer into a novel was not a new one. Writing to Coleridge in 1800 he had said: 'George Dyer is the only literary character I am happily acquainted with. The oftener I see him, the more deeply I admire him. He is goodness itself. If I could but calculate the precise date of his death, I would write a novel on purpose to make George the hero. I could hit him off to a hair.' If only the novel had been written . . . ! But there could be nothing in it better than the letter to Rickman.

One of the new letters to Rickman, recently made public by the late Canon Ainger, shows that Dyer was conforming to Lamb's plans for him. On November 24, 1801, Lamb writes:

Dyer regularly dines with me when he does not go a visiting—and brings his shilling. He has picked up amazingly. I never saw him happier. He has had his doors listed, and his casements puttied, and bought a handsome *screen* of the last century. Only his poems do not get finished. One volume is printing, but the second wants a good deal doing to it. I do not expect he will make much progress with his *Life and Opinions* till his detestable *Lyric Poetry* is delivered to subscribers. . . .

He talks of marrying, but this *en passant* (as he says) and *entre nous*; for God's sake don't mention it to him, for he has not forgiven me for betraying to you his purpose of writing his own *Life*. He says, that if it once spreads, so many people will expect and wish to have a place in it, that he is sure he shall disoblige all his friends.

G. D., it seems, did write his autobiography, but the MS. was lost.

The history of Dyer's unfortunate poetical project is, I think, worth telling with some precision. The first notification that I can find is in the 'Monthly Magazine' for October 1796, where this statement occurs:

Mr. George Dyer, with whose poetical talents the public are well acquainted, is preparing a course of publications—satires, odes, and elegies; two of which will shortly make their appearance, under the titles of 'Poet's Fate' and 'Poetic Sympathies.'

That was at the beginning of Lamb's acquaintance with G. D. Two years later, in November 1798, the same magazine contained this announcement:

Mr. Dyer, in consequence of unforeseen engagements, and the advice of his friends, has been obliged to alter the plan of his Poetical Publication:—instead of three volumes at a guinea, two only, consisting of poems and poetical essays, will be published at twelve shillings. The first volume will appear next month.

Further delay occurred. No volumes, either at three for a guinea or two for twelve shillings, made their appearance; instead,

in the 'Monthly Magazine' for June 1799 the following letter was printed :

G. Dyer presents respects to the subscribers to his poems, and informs them, with great concern, that the publication is delayed till the winter season. All the reasons of this delay could not with propriety be announced here, but shall be fully detailed in the preface to his poems. For the present, he must content himself with saying, that by unforeseen engagements, and by extending his plan beyond his original intention, he cannot get out the first volume till the greater part of his subscribers will have left town for the summer; a time very inauspicious to publications of this nature. After mature deliberation, therefore, he thinks it most advisable to print his two volumes at the same time; and his criticisms, extended as they are to an unexpected length, will form a distinct volume, comprehending free remarks on every species of poetry, and illustrations from the mythology of different nations. This arrangement, he apprehends, will less encumber the poems, and be more useful and agreeable to those persons for whose service this volume is intended. Such persons, however, as are not pleased with this arrangement may have their subscription-money returned, if they will have the goodness to apply to the bookseller where any subscription has been paid, or to the author himself, if the money was paid to him. Such other persons as choose to favour this work with their encouragement are informed, that names are still received by the booksellers announced in his advertisement.

Clifford's Inn, May 20, 1799.

Dyer was now pledged to two volumes of poetry and preface, and we must suppose him actively engaged upon them, thenceforward, for in 1800 the first volume was ready. 'Poems by George Dyer' was the simple title. It was the preface to this volume which, when 500 copies were printed, suddenly confronted its author with the fallacy that led to his phrenesis. I am entirely at a loss to discover what the fallacy is, for the first page (which, Lamb says, contained it) is practically reproduced in its entirety in the revised preface of 1802, nor (to the best of my belief, but such researches are very difficult to make thoroughly) does a comparison of the two prefaces otherwise yield any discrepancy amounting to a false principle. The first omitted passage of the second (not the first) page of the 1800 preface is this :

A sufficient degree of generosity is found in the world to encourage a useful pursuit, and even an attempt to please; the violence of party cannot control it; nor will it be overrated by the manœuvrings of pride, or the feebleness of ignorance.

Can it be this benevolent opinion which poor G. D. discovered to be fatal error?

The half-burnt cancelled preface (Lamb called Dyer 'Cancellarius Major') is in the British Museum, bound up with the

'Poems,' 1801, and other works, from Lamb's shelves, where the curious may study it. 'Snatch'd out of the fire' is Lamb's comment in the margin.

The result was the suppression of the edition; surely one of those pacific acts of heroism which never receive recognition. Comic as the situation is—the flat, impossible poet declaring that the world must not be misled—it has its nobility, too, and very real pathos.

The luckless preface is very long and very discursive. It examines the nature of lyrical poetry, it analyses the poetic character, it exposes falsehoods told of Dyer by the critics and quidnuncs, it explains Dyer's attitude to his friends. One passage I must quote :

With regard to the ladies, whose names are mentioned in this or a former volume, let it be publicly understood, as it has always been privately, that my language has been the expression of simple, though sincere respect. To a powerful affection, many years indulged, and to a fondness for retirement, I am certainly indebted for a revival of some poetical feelings; when the heart is most subdued, it sometimes loves to worship in silence. These feelings may, perhaps, since have broken out into verse; but while immediately under the influence of that softness, I made no rebuses, and sent about no poetical billets doux; a confession, it is true, not of a very gallant poet; but reasons present themselves for my acknowledging that, in print, just enough is delivered to secure me from the imputation of insincerity, and no more. The mention of names may, perhaps, by some be considered imprudent; but the moral and intellectual qualities that entitle one sex to respect or esteem will, also, justly entitle the other; and where a writer acts not without reasons, and where, by the parties concerned, those reasons are not disapproved, there is no ground for censure.

The volume, without its preface, appeared again in 1801, and again publication was interrupted. At last, in 1802, the world really had the work—in two small volumes, with the original preface in much the same form, and the following explanation of the change of shape :

It was distantly suggested by friends, well qualified to have spoken with more freedom, that the undertaking to write *three* volumes of poems, and those mostly *lyrical*, would prove at once very arduous, and very unprofitable; and, that I had set myself no easy task, I could not be quite ignorant; well aware as I was, that through the whole range of poetry, no form required such frequent sacrifice to the Graces, as what I was then attempting. The extent of the plan, also, was at least equal to the degree of elegance required in the treatment of the subject. In the ardour of my pursuit, the arts and sciences were made to pass in review before me. Statesmen, patriots, and heroes, poets, critics, and private friends, were each to receive some tribute of esteem, or some expressions of respect; and even amid these flights of fancy, critical remarks were intended on every branch of poetic composition. Thus extensive was the plan! So little do we know our weakness!

Of Dyer's poetry there is little to say. It is just so many sober words in metre. His 'Stanzas Meditated in the Cloisters of Christ's Hospital,' from which Lamb quotes at the end of his first essay on the school (in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1813), is among his best poems. The farthest swing of his poetical pendulum in the other direction is perhaps the comic pæan, in the sapphic measure, in praise of snuff and tobacco, beginning :

I've gôt th' hêad-âche : gîve mê thên, bôy, thê snûff-box,
Fill'd with Hôare's bêst snûff, â rêvîving mîxture,
Bêst of all snûffs : thât will rêlieve mê môre than
Strâsbûrgh or Hârdham's.

That rêlieves much môre than the Irish Blackguard,
That rêlieves much môre than Bureâu or Scotch snuff,
Môre than herbs all British, and tickles noses
Better than any.

Snuff rêlieves th' hêad, môre than do rum or brandy,
Môre than Old Port, môre than Champaigne, thô' sparkling ;
Thêy can makê th' hêad, likê a Nôvember fog-day,
Muddy or madsome.

Ode VIII. in Book IV. of Dyer's 'Poetics,' 1812, has a certain simple charm, but is chiefly interesting as exhibiting its author in nautical attire. I quote two stanzas :

THE SAILOR.

The author expresses grateful feelings to an honest landlady and her daughter for kind attentions during his short stay with them near Hamilton, in Argyleshire ; but pleads against their solicitations for his longer continuance. He wore the dress of a sailor at this time, and writes under that character.

My dame, you view a sailor brave
Hastening far hence to plough the seas,
To quit, for the rude boisterous wave,
The babbling bourn, the whispering trees :
The mavis calls ; the laverocks ring
Their music thro' the heav'ns so clear ;
Nature's full chorus seems to sing,
Still, happy loiterer, linger here.
But, dame, you view a sailor brave,
And he must plough the ocean wave. . . .

Your Peggy's eye is dew-drop bright ;
Her smiling cheek is lily fair ;
Her feet as hare's move soft and light,*
Her voice as blackbird's loud and clear :

* Dyer's note : It is scarcely necessary to observe here, that an allusion is made to the *barefooted* lasses of Scotland :

Here view *two barefoot beauties* clean and clear.

ALLAN RAMSAY'S *Gentle Shepherd*.

Oh! she goes near to wound my heart,
 As oft she sings her '*Highland Laddie*':
 So quickly, dame, must I depart,
 And keep my heart still tight and steady;
 For, dame, you view a sailor brave;
 Quick he must plough the ocean wave.

Footnotes were a special weakness of Dyer's. Here is the last stanza, with its additaments, of a poem on 'The Triumph of Poetry,' in his 'Poetics':

Oh! might I view again, with ravish'd sight,
 As when with candid Anderson¹ I stray'd,
 And all the wonder-varying scene survey'd,
 Sea, hills, and city fair, from Calton's² height;
 And hear (for Scotland's rhimes, ah! soon may fail³)
 Some Ednam bard awake the trembling string;⁴
 Some tuneful youth⁵ of charming Tiviotdale;
 Some Kelso songstress⁶ love's dear raptures sing.
 Language may fail, but love shall never die,
 Till beauty fails to charm, till love forgets to sigh.

¹ Dr. Robert Anderson, editor of the *Works of the British Poets*, and author of a valuable *Life of Dr. Smollett*.

² Calton Hill, whence a view, at once romantic and sublime, is taken of the city of Edinburgh, of the Firth of Forth, and the hills of Fifeshire on the opposite coast.

³ Such, at least, is the opinion of some judicious persons in Scotland.

⁴ Ednam is near Kelso, in Berwickshire, near which the little river Eden flows, from which the village takes its name. Ednam is the native place of Thomson, the author of the *Seasons*.

⁵ Alludes to a pedestrian tour made in this pastoral and truly classical country, and in some part of the north of England, with a gentleman of great talents, now eminently distinguished at Calcutta, for his extraordinary skill in the Asiatic languages. See an 'Essay on the Languages and Literature of the Indo-Chinese Nations' in Vol. X. of the *Asiatic Researches*, by John Leyden, M.D.

⁶ The Scotch melodies, sung to the Scotch airs, and by the female voice, constitute, as must be supposed, one of the charms of this delightful country.

I wonder which of his poems Dyer read to the other patients at Dr. Graham's earth-bath establishment (as he did when he was being treated there), his audience, like himself, being half-buried in the garden, all around him. What a picture!

Best among Dyer's prose works were his '*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Robert Robinson*' and his '*History of the University and College of Cambridge*.' He wrote, moreover, countless articles, reviews, and biographies for periodicals, pamphlets on religious questions, and 'all that was original' in James Valpy's edition of the classics, in 141 volumes, 1809-1831. He also travelled

from library to library collecting materials for a bibliographical work, which was never published. Dyer showed Hazlitt 'with some triumph' two fingers of which he had lost the use in copying out manuscripts of Proclus and Plotinus in a fine Greek hand.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt records that Miss Lamb and Mrs. Hazlitt once made a plan pleasantly to surprise Dyer by mending his arm-chair, which had a hundred holes in it. These they sewed up. Dyer's horror may be imagined when it is recorded that in every one of these gaping wounds he kept a book.

'He hangs,' said Hazlitt, of Dyer, 'like a film and cobweb upon letters, or like the dust on the outside of knowledge, which should not too rudely be brushed aside.' And Lamb summed up his labours in the following words in 'Oxford in the Vacation' in 1820 :

D. has been under-working for himself ever since ;—drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,—wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning, which commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the art to sell themselves to the best advantage. . . . If his muse of kindness halt a little behind the strong lines in fashion in this excitement-craving age, his prose is the best of the sort in the world, and exhibits a faithful transcript of his own healthy natural mind, and cheerful innocent tone of conversation.

The same essay contains Lamb's delightful account of meeting Dyer at Oxford (really at Cambridge), 'grown almost into a book' among the books he loved so well.

D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrogate. The Cam and the Isis are to him 'better than all the waters of Damascus.' On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

It is upon neither his poetry nor his prose but upon this passage and one other in Lamb's essays that George Dyer's title to fame reposes. One other in particular: for the achievement of his life, the deed by which he is known and will be known throughout the ages, is his involuntary dip in the New River in 1823. The story is told in the 'Elia' essay 'Amicus Redivivus' and is too well known to reproduce here. In that essay we see Dyer vicariously making exquisite and imperishable literature. Our debt to G. D.'s short sight is very great. Lamb, however, I ought perhaps to say, stretches a point when he makes himself a witness of the immersion. He did not return until Dyer was in bed.

Of the absence of mind for which George Dyer was famous, all his friends have spoken. Edmund Ollier, in his reminiscences of Lamb, tells as good a story as any.

Once, when Dyer had been spending the evening at Leigh Hunt's house on Hampstead Heath, he came back a quarter of an hour after leaving, when the family had gone up to their bedrooms. 'What is the matter?' asked Hunt. 'I think, sir,' said Dyer, in his simpering, apologetic way, 'I think I have left one of my shoes behind me.' He had indeed shuffled it off under the table and did not discover his loss until he had gone a long way.

At a breakfast party, described by Procter, Dyer omitted the tea. On the omission being pointed out he set it right by emptying a paper of ginger into the teapot. His guest affected to make a meal, but, as soon as he decently could, said good-bye and hurried to a coffee-tavern for something to satisfy his hunger. He was just finishing a capital breakfast when Dyer came in, either to read the paper or to inquire after an acquaintance who frequented the house. Recognising Procter, he asked him how he did; but he had entirely forgotten their previous meeting and expressed no surprise at seeing him devouring a second breakfast. (It was in reference to Dyer's economies, Procter adds, that Lamb rechristened his dog. Dyer had a dog whose name was Tobit; Lamb called him *No-bit*.) The story of Procter's adventure was elaborately worked up by Leigh Hunt in the sketch in 'Men, Women, and Books' called 'Jack Abbot's Breakfast' where Dyer figures as Goodall. Hunt's description of him ends thus: 'In a word, he was a sort of better-bred Dominie Sampson—a Goldsmith, with the genius taken out of him, but the goodness left—an angel of the dusty heaven of bookstalls and the British Museum.'

Among other stories of Dyer's absence of mind is that told by Mrs. Le Breton, in her 'Memories of Seventy Years,' of his taking up a coalscuttle in place of his hat; while on another occasion he walked off with a footman's cockaded hat and did not discover the mistake until someone commiserated with him on his fall in fortune.

Talfourd's description of George Dyer mentions his 'gaunt, awkward form, set off by trousers too short . . . and a rusty coat as much too large for the wearer . . . ; his long head silvered over with short yet straggling hair, and his dark grey eyes.' One or two of the inventions with which Lamb stimulated those eyes to glisten with faith and wonder follow in Talfourd's narrative, as when he told him in strict confidence that Castlereagh had confessed to the authorship of the Waverley Novels. Talfourd records

also the perfect reply made by Dyer to Lamb's question, put to him to test his kindness of heart, as to what he thought of the terrible Williams, the Ratcliffe Highway murderer (made immortal by De Quincey), who had first destroyed two families and then committed suicide. After a sufficient pause for consideration the answer came: 'I should think, Mr. Lamb, he must have been rather an eccentric character.'

Dyer, poor enough for many years of his life, was possessed of a sufficiency in his later years. The beginning of his good fortune was his inclusion among the ten executors and residuary legatees of the third Lord Stanhope, 'Citizen Stanhope,' who died in 1816; George Dyer at one time acted as tutor in his family. Mrs. Barbauld, a friend of Dyer, was of opinion that Stanhope must have been insane, and Dyer himself was, says Crabb Robinson, one of the first to declare that he rejected the legacy and renounced the executorship; but the heir insisted on granting him a small annuity, and this, added to another which Dyer's friends had settled upon him, made his declining years quite comfortable. It was probably just after Stanhope's death that Lamb, as Talfourd tells us, inquired gravely of Dyer if it were true, as commonly reported, that he was to be made a lord. 'O dear no, Mr. Lamb, I couldn't think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you.' 'I thought not,' said Lamb, 'and I contradict it wherever I go; but the Government will not ask your consent; they raise persons to the peerage without giving any warning.' 'I hope not, Mr. Lamb, indeed, indeed, I hope not; it would not suit me at all.' Leigh Hunt tells us that Dyer was one of the little trusting company whom Lamb sent to Primrose Hill at daybreak to watch the Persian ambassador worshipping the sun. Though he made fun of Dyer's oddities, Lamb admired him and loved him always. 'God never put a kinder heart into flesh of man than George Dyer's' he once said.

George Dyer's odd manner of talking has been realistically preserved for us by Charles Cowden Clarke, in 'Recollections of Writers.'

He had a trick of filling up his hesitating sentences with a mild little monosyllabic sound, and of finishing his speeches with the incomplete phrase, 'Well, sir; but however——' This peculiarity we used to amuse ourselves by imitating when we talked of him and recalled his oddities, as thus: 'You have met with a curious and rare book, you say? Indeed, sir; abd—abd—abd—perhaps you would allow me to look at it; abd—abd—abd— Well, sir; but however—— or 'You have been ill, sir, I hear. Dear me! abd—abd—abd—I'm sorry, I'm sure; abd—abd—abd— Well, sir; but however——' Once when he came to see us he told us of his having lately spent some time among a wandering tribe

of Gipsies, he feeling much desire to know something of the language and habits of this interesting race of people, and believing he could not do so better than by joining them in one of their rambling expeditions.

Although in Dyer's 'Poetics' will be found a sprightly and contented song on his persistent celibacy, I imagine his singleness to have resulted from the absence of temptation. As we have seen, he had once loved: he had not married, one suspects, simply because since that time no woman had asked him, or rather, had bidden him to. But somewhen about the year 1825 a widow three-deep, a Mrs. Mather, who had inherited from her third husband chambers opposite Dyer, was happily inspired to suggest that he should accept her as wife and guardian; and he did so with very pleasant results, his only regret being expressed in a remark once made to Crabb Robinson, 'Mrs. Dyer is a woman of excellent natural sense, but she is not literate.' A charming account of the marriage is given by Mrs. Augustus De Morgan, *née* Sophia Frend, a daughter of Dyer's counsellor, William Frend, of Cambridge. Mrs. De Morgan writes, in her 'Memoirs of Augustus De Morgan':

Late in life a tide came in his affairs. A kind woman, the widow of a solicitor, who owned the chambers opposite to his, watched him going in and out, and saw his quiet, harmless ways. As she afterwards said in her Devonshire dialect, she 'couldn't abear to see the peure gentleman so neglected.' So she made acquaintance with him, invited him across the Inn, and gave him tea and hot cakes and muffins 'comfortable.' At one of these entertainments when the guest was expressing his satisfaction and thankfulness, she observed:—

'Yes, Mr. Dyer, sir, you du want some one to look after you.'

The rejoinder was ready: 'Will you be that one?'

'Well, sir, I don't say but what I've thought of it; but you must speak to your friends, and let me see them, and if Mr. Frend approves——'

So my father was informed of the proposal, and in some alarm went to meet the intended victim at the chambers of the 'designing widow,' who had already 'buried' three husbands. His views of the case were soon altered. She was so simple, so open, and so evidently kindhearted, that, after examining and comparing all circumstances, he thought that his old friend's happiness would be secured by the marriage. It took place shortly after in St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street.

When the newly married pair came to visit us at Stoke Newington, we who were in doubt as to what we were to expect were pleased to find her a sensible, kindly-hearted woman, who had made of our neglected old friend a fine-looking, well-dressed elderly man, beaming with kindness and happiness.

Another story of Dyer which Mrs. De Morgan tells illustrates Frend's sense of mischief as well as the old scholar's mildness:

At one period of his life—I fancy before he went as a sizar to Emmanuel College—Dyer was a Baptist Minister. I have seen his consternation and alarm when thus reminded of his ministrations by my father.

Wm. Frend : ' You know, Dyer, that was before you drowned the woman.'

G. Dyer : ' I never drowned any woman !'

Wm. Frend : ' You have forgotten.' To the company generally : ' Dyer had taken the woman's hand and made her dip in the water ; he then pronounced the blessing and left her there.'

G. Dyer (troubled) : ' No, no ; you are joking. It could not be.'

Cowden Clarke, writing of Dyer's marriage, says :

It was great gratification to us to see how the old student's rusty suit of black, threadbare and shining with the shabbiness of neglect, the limp wisp of jaconet muslin, yellow with age, round his throat, the dusty shoes, and stubbly beard, had become exchanged for a coat that shone only with the lustre of regular brushing, a snow-white cravat neatly tied on, brightly blacked shoes, and a close-shaven chin—the whole man presenting a cosy and burnished appearance, like one carefully and affectionately tended. He, like Charles Lamb, always wore black smalls, black stockings (which Charles Lamb generally covered with high black garters) and black shoes ; the knee-smalls and the shoes both being tied with strings instead of fastened with buckles. His hair, white and stiff, glossy at the time now spoken of from due administration of comb and brush, contrasted strongly with a pair of small dark eyes, worn with much poring over Greek and black-letter characters ; while even at an advanced age there was a sweet look of kindness, simple goodness, serenity, and almost childlike guilelessness that characteristically marked his face at all periods of his life.

In Dyer's last years Crabb Robinson used to read to him occasionally on Sunday morning ; but his customary help in this way came from a poor man who rendered the service for 6*d.* an hour.

He died on March 2, 1841, aged eighty-six all but a fortnight. William Frend was ill at the same time, dying on February 21. The news of his death was kept from Dyer for some days, and Mrs. De Morgan's beautiful account of the old scholar's last moments makes the end of the two friends synchronise. ' During his last illness poor George Dyer sent up daily to inquire after him. When the messenger came back for the last time, he asked for the news, and was told he was rather better. ' I understand,' he said ; ' Mr. Frend is dead. Lay me beside him.' He then went into an adjoining room, washed his hands, returned, and quietly sat down in his armchair, as it was thought, to listen to a kind friend (Miss Matilda Betham) who came to read to him. Before beginning she looked up to her hearer, but the loving-hearted old man was dead.'

George Dyer's widow survived him for twenty years. She died in May 1861, in her hundred-and-first year. Crabb Robinson called on her in August 1860, when ' she spoke in warm praise of Charles and Mary Lamb.'

THE KING'S REVOKE.¹

BY MRS. MARGARET L. WOODS.

PROLOGUE.

IN the year of grace 1808 the People of Spain swept from the throne the Italian Queen Maria Luisa, her lover Manuel Godoy—who ruled from the steps of it—and the half-imbecile King, Carlos IV. This in an access of passion, but not of the sansculotte, red-capped sort, for Our Lady of Liberty was as little loved in Spain as any other foreigner. Some have sought the cause of their fury in their outraged moral sense. Even the decadent nobility, as travellers saw them and as Goya painted them, hardly offered so strange a spectacle as the group on and about the throne—a King obsequious and faithful as a dog to his Queen's lover, the lover between two wives, and one of them the niece of the Queen. Others have accused the corruption of Godoy's Government, which was corrupt, yet hardly more so than Spanish Governments before and after. These things laid the mine, but the train which fired it was laid and lighted from France.

For the independence of proud Spain was visibly menaced from without; sapped here by a piece of treachery, breached there by a bit of bullying, the soldiers of the Grand Army swaggering as conquerors where they had been admitted as allies. All this, the People thought, because Godoy, the upstart prince, was frightened of the French, or because he had been bribed by the promise of a real principality carved out of the filched Peninsula. The People thought that an Infant of Spain, a true son of the Catholic sovereigns, would never be frightened by foreign soldiers, would never crouch before a foreign usurper; above all, would never humiliate and betray his country for his personal advantage. Carlos IV. had allowed the sceptre to slip from his feeble hands into those of a subject manifestly, or at least apparently, guilty of all these things. Let Carlos then abdicate in favour of the heir, Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, who had long been kept in a kind of palace imprisonment, allowed to play no part in public affairs, and destined

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perhaps, they whispered, to be poisoned, as it was boldly said, his young wife had been poisoned.

So one day, when Marshal Bessières was crossing the Pyrenees with thirty thousand French troops at his back, the People made Ferdinand King by acclamation. The cowed astonished old King signed his abdication; Godoy, thankful to escape with life, was dragged to prison, and Ferdinand VII., the Desired, Ferdinand the reticent and unknown, reigned in their stead.

Now should all have gone well with Spain, but the Emperor of the French delayed to recognise the new King; a matter of no great concern to the People, but of much to him and his advisers. For Napoleon's hand was already laid on the Peninsula, and his iron fingers were felt gradually closing upon it. Carlos IV. appealed to the Emperor against his son and successor. The Emperor gave no decisive answer, having in fact long ago decided the matter in his own mind. He spoke of visiting Madrid to confer with Ferdinand. Meanwhile he sent thither his bird of evil omen, Savary, toiling for a dukedom and laden ostensibly with the Imperial luggage; actually with other things, amongst which was a trap to catch royalties. A pair of well-known boots and the celebrated little hat were deposited at the palace as signs and tokens of the Emperor's advent. Nevertheless the Emperor did not come. Then it was announced that he would meet King Ferdinand at Burgos. The mighty gilded coach was got under weigh, and amid the murmurs of the Madrileños the King rolled northward along that magnificent royal road which had of old seen prouder progresses; Infantas of Spain passing along it to the throne of France, daughters of France to be welcomed as Queens of Spain.

At Burgos there were French troops, but no Emperor. The King went on to Vittoria, and there found four thousand troops of the Imperial Guard, but again no Emperor. A letter from Ferdinand's brother Carlos, who had gone on before him, announced the Emperor as but just expected at Bayonne. The King waited five days, importuned all the while by faithful subjects to escape while yet there was time; for there were Spanish troops at Bilbao. He and his counsellors hesitated, spurning, indeed, the suggestion that Napoleon could meditate an act of most flagitious treason, yet waiting uneasily to hear more of his intentions. At length a letter came from the Great Man, still indecisive, but friendly, encouraging on the whole. He would arrange everything at Bayonne. The great gilded coach was once more brought out and rolled towards

the frontier, amid the groans and warnings of the People, who were ready to cut the traces of the horses and rescue their King from the French with their bare hands.

But the King went on and crossed the frontier and reached Bayonne. And there it happened to him and to his brother and to all his family according to what the People had said. They did not return. The Emperor proclaimed the Bourbons deposed from the throne of Spain, and his own brother, Joseph Bonaparte, King in their stead. It seemed to him a simple thing to do. He had done it in other countries.

Ferdinand VII., Don Carlos, and their uncle Don Antonio were imprisoned in the Castle of Valençay. This castle was chosen by the Emperor because it was in the heart of France, so that escape from it would be difficult, and because it was the country home of Talleyrand; a Minister he could not spare, but was desirous to annoy.

When King Joseph made his State entry into Madrid the lightnings of revolt were flashing round the entire horizon, and the sky was black over his head. The State officials came out to receive him, but not the People. The streets were not indeed empty, for the streets of Madrid are never empty. Groups of men stood about as they always stand, but silent instead of exchanging the news. Grave, swarthy men, they stood with their brown cloaks flung about them, like statues of bronze, and saw with sinister eyes the Intruder and his alien soldiery go by. Gold, new from the Mint, with the head of King Joseph upon it, was flung right and left as the King passed. Most of the brown-cloaks were poor, some were beggars; but not one stooped to pick up the gold. It lay there in the gutter until the French soldiers picked it up. This deep and silent anger of a proud people boded ill to the intrusive King, the well-meaning marionette whose strings were pulled in Paris. The long and devastating War of Independence, intertwined with our own Peninsular War, yet never one with it, had already begun; and while it raged Ferdinand VII., the Desired, lay hidden from the gaze of his people in that far-off castle like some prince of Faëry under the spell of a wicked enchanter. So, yet young and alive, he became a legend, a cult, his name the oriflamme of Spain round which his people rallied for the most part blindly, filled only with the fierce devotion of their race. Others there were, a small minority, yet important by reason of their intelligence and education, who were ready to resist the Intruder

to the last, ready to welcome back their legitimate King; but on conditions. These were the Constitutionalists. Others, again, submitted to Joseph in all honesty, believing that the shadow of a French despot somehow represented the principles of the French Revolution; but these were few. More submitted out of cowardliness and self-interest, believing the power of Napoleon and the Grand Army to be irresistible. But honest men and self-seekers alike their countrymen execrated, executed when they could, as *Josefinos*, *afrancesados*, traitors.

And so through blood and fire and famine the Spanish people were struggling on towards their goal—the deliverance of Spain from the foreign invader, the return of Ferdinand VII., the noble and legitimate King, whose piety and virtues should be as a magic balm healing the mortal wounds of his heroic country.

CHAPTER I.

THE Carnival came early this year. The jagged line of the Sierra still gleamed silver with snow between the sombre blue of the rolling tableland and the fresh blue of the February sky, but the wind had in it scarcely a touch of the winter's quality, and the sun shone as though it had been May. And just as the bright sun of Spain beguiled the earth to forget it was winter, so at this carnival season the joyous temper of the Madrileños broke out triumphant over 'the winter of' their 'discontent.' Discontent because the hated intruder, Joseph Pepe, the One-eyed, still reigned in Madrid, and the true King, Ferdinand the Desired, still languished in the dungeons of Valençay. Because the heel of a foreign soldiery was still heavy upon them, commerce was ruined, and famine knocked at the gates of the city. There had been years when the processions of masks that pushed their way through the packed streets had worn more magnificent disguises, had perhaps been composed of more magnificent personages; for many of the nobility had left Madrid. There had never been a year when they were gayer, more grotesque, or quicker to exchange smart raillery with all challengers. The processions were hardly to be distinguished as such amid the slow-moving streams of humanity converging by many channels upon the Prado. But the great public promenade once reached, its magnificent breadth and length gave elbow-room to all Madrid, room to see and room to be seen. The processions cleared them-

selves from the motley crowd and defiled along the avenues or the wide central space between them : Silenus on his donkey, led by a goat-legged satyr, and followed by mænads with long tow hair and bounding masculine legs ; a band of black-robed doctors of Salamanca singing and playing on guitars ; a man conducting a score of monstrous apes who, with hideous looks and wild antics, provoked wild outbursts of laughing terror as they pranced down the Prado. Parties of peasants there seemed to be from all the provinces of Spain, bull-fighters, *majos* and *majas* of high degree, flaunting gay jackets and Manila shawls among the less brand-new finery of the genuine beaux and belles of the Barrios. And if the noble ladies of Madrid, avoiding their usual stroll, rolled by in glittering coaches and carriages, the citizens' wives walked under the trees with the same strutting grace, wore their black silk skirts over feet as pretty and well shod, held the folds of the mantilla as gracefully with the left hand and spoke the language of the fan with the right as fluently as their betters. Far along the Prado the sun shone on a kaleidoscopic mass of shifting colours, on glittering points of gilt and silver, only clouded sometimes by little puffs of dust that a petulant wind blew up from under the riotous feet of dancers. A merry music thrummed and rattled from guitar and castanet, and all Madrid, *majos* and *majas*, citizens and nobles, were as frolicsome and gay as little children. Yet in the line of passing equipages was one serious face—a young and beautiful face framed in the window of a blazoned coach, a window which in its day had framed many a proud head dressed to adorn the Court of Carlos III. or even of Ferdinand VI. A carriage once engaged in the stream of vehicles passing up the Prado from the Alcalá was compelled to move at a foot's pace till it reached the end. But the passage, if slow, was sure to be enlivened by the lively impertinences, the mystifying nonsense, of some disguised acquaintance or stranger who would jump on the step of the carriage to amuse or flirt with its occupant. Yet this stately coach, redolent of antiquity and noble alliances, had rolled more than half the length of the Prado, and although the lady in it was surely the loveliest woman there, not one of the gay peasants, the tricky doctors, the mænads, or even the monkeys, had stepped out of the crowd to put an agreeably impertinent mask in at her window. One certainly, a man disguised as a dueña of formidable aspect, had called out some jesting remark upon her need of such a personage—there was none sitting opposite her in the coach—and had been about to leap on

to the step when another had pulled him back, muttering the word '*Afrancesada*.' The fair pallor of the lady's oval cheek had turned a little paler and her large dark-blue eyes, the soft, veiled eyes of a dreamer, had filled with tears. A stranger would not have guessed that the elegant young priest who sat by her side was her brother, for his hair and eyes were black, and there was a blue shade round his red mouth.

'Why do you trouble yourself, Luzita?' he asked, lighting a *pajita* and blowing the smoke out through his nostrils.

'It is so dreadful to be avoided,' she murmured. 'It is as though we were excommunicated.'

He laughed harshly.

'What nonsense! Is not the Holy Father himself an *afrancesado*?'

So they rolled on. A few bows were addressed to the young Marquesa from other carriages, and many furtively admiring looks. Her brother, the Abbé, continued to chat with a purposed air of gaiety, but she could do no more than hold high her graceful head, crowned with its chestnut hair, carved comb, and black mantilla, lest it should droop in a too manifest shame and dejection.

'Why are you so dull, Luzita?' asked the Abbé impatiently. 'You should try to amuse me and make me forget this horrible dress of mine.'

'Do not call it horrible, dear brother. You look very nice in it. I cannot bear a man to be but half a priest, living and dressing just like one of the laity.'

The Abbé made a face.

'Woe is me! It is the accursed French Revolution which has brought these philosophic notions into fashion everywhere. The old ones were more than good enough for me. But I must cut my coat according to my cloth—that is, according to the opinions of our pedantic, new-fangled King Pepe. But look, little sister!' And he laid his hand on Doña Luz's arm with sudden animation. 'There is the Carmona close by us in the Andalusian dress. She also is an *afrancesada*, but the Madrileños will forgive anything to a creature who amuses them. *Caramba!* What a fine woman! Though it must be confessed I have seen her look handsomer. It is at the theatre you must see and, above all, hear her.'

The popular *cantatrice* had removed her mask, either to cool her face or because she did not find it so entertaining as she had expected to pass a whole day unrecognised. She was dancing and

playing the castanets in company with a man disguised as an Andalusian, whilst another sat on the ground and twanged a guitar. A little circle had formed round the group and the people passing by in carriages stopped them to look. Her partner was a small man of an elegant and active build, and danced to perfection. When the Abbé and Doña Luz had been spectators but a few minutes the dance came to an end, amid a burst of applause from the by-standers, and the carriages rolled on. The blazoned coach had not gone far when a mask leaped on the step, and, thrusting his head in on that side, cried in the Abbé's face, as it is usual to cry to one who wears a mask, '*I know thee!*'

'That is not difficult, friend,' returned the Abbé laughing, 'for I am not disguised.'

The mask was the Carmona's partner. He replied in a high feigned voice:

'But by the life of San Geronimo, Señor Abate, you are very well disguised. If one did not know thee as I do, Diego of the Devil, one might mistake thee for a man of God.'

He dropped down from the step, appeared at the other window of the coach, and laid a large bunch of blue violets on the young Marquesa's knee.

'I know thee also, thou naughty little nun,' he squeaked. 'Fie, fie! Why art thou masking here instead of meditating in thy convent? Go back there, little angel of mine, and for a penance tell thy beads till Easter, praying by name for Diego there and also for me, poor sinner. I know thou wilt, for didst thou not plant violets even on the grave of a dog?'

Doña Luz had been searching her brains for a repartee of the proper liveliness to the first mask that had accosted her, but this mysterious allusion to a little incident of her childhood completely scattered her ideas. As he would have dropped again to the ground, she seized his sleeve, and turning towards him a bewildered pink-flushed face, 'Wait, Señor, pray wait!' she cried. 'I do so want to guess who you are!'

The mask broke into a laugh, a shrill laugh, loosened her fingers gently, kissed them lightly, and jumping down was immediately lost in the crowd. Surely Luzita had heard that laugh before, but where she could not remember. Wrinkling her smooth young brow in the effort to do so, she first turned to the window in a vain attempt to follow the movements of the mysterious mask, then to her brother, exclaiming:

'Who can he have been, Diego? Jesus and Maria! Who can he have been?'

The Abbé shrugged his shoulders.

'Who knows? A hairdresser or a footman most likely.'

'No, no! He was a gentleman, I am sure.'

'It is easy to see, little sister, this is the first time you have been at the Carnival in Madrid. These childish mystifications are part of the game. However, it is clear we shall not be troubled by many of them, so I will take the opportunity of speaking to you on a very private and important matter concerning our family. You are now a woman, and you must learn to look at life seriously, not with the eyes of a young girl destined to the religious life.'

The Marquesa replied, with a thrill of pride at her new importance, that she would give her best attention to her brother's words.

'It is a matter of consequence to our whole family,' repeated the Abbé, 'since it concerns our *mayorazgo*.'

Pascual Hermenegildo de Serma y Silva, the *mayorazgo*, or eldest son, of the family and heir to the honours and property of their father the Count de Villarta, had accompanied Ferdinand VII. to France. But he had not been sent back to Spain with the majority of the young King's first companions in captivity, because he had gone to Paris with the Duke of San Carlos. Lately, however, when a certain great lady in whose eyes he had found favour, was weary of him, he had been sent back to Valençay and detained there—a hostage for a father whose loyalty to the new dynasty in Spain was not assured.

'Pascual has sent me a letter by a trustworthy messenger—it has been, however, three months in reaching me—in which he says he can bear the confinement of Valençay no longer, and that if it can be arranged without scandal he wishes to return to Spain as soon as possible and make the most complete submission to King Joseph.'

'Pascualito, also!' cried Luzita, turning pale and clasping her slender fingers tightly together. '*Dios mio!* He must never do that!'

The Abbé gave her an ironic side glance.

'You are right, my dear. He must never do that. Very probably the Bonapartes will not even be shaken in the saddle, but I own I do not feel so absolutely free from uneasiness as I did twelve months ago. I do not mean to say I regret my own submission to their Government; I should be an egoist, indeed, if I did; but

our family must, positively must, have members on both sides, Ferdinandists and Josefinos! If Pascual, who holds now so immensely advantageous a position in case of a change in national affairs, should be guilty of abandoning it, it would be—by the Nails of the Crucifix it would be simply a crime!’

‘Pascual must not abandon his King!’

‘I have some influence with a lady who in her turn has influence with this pedantic old rake of a Pepe.—Ah, blond Innocence, he admires you also!—And it seems to me possible that on the pretext of reconciling our *mayorazgo* with the new régime, I might obtain leave to visit Valençay. If he should prove obstinate, I myself will offer my services to our legitimate King, although they can hardly be so acceptable. But the reason I mention the matter to you, Luzita, is that I wish you—most particularly!—to accompany me, if I get permission to go.’

‘I, Diego? At Don Alonzo’s age how could he——’

‘I was not speaking of your husband, no, indeed! I was speaking of you.’

‘Diego! I cannot leave the Marqués! No, it is not possible, not possible!’

‘Everything is possible when one has the interest of one’s family at heart. It is important to persuade Pascual to have patience.’

The Abbé paused, looked at his sister again with that ironical side glance, and resumed, almost in a whisper:

‘And then I have always believed, Luzita, that although up there—’ his white jewelled fingers touched the little rings of shining hair on her temple—‘you are a Josefina, down here, oh! but deep down here’—they lighted for an instant on the folds of the mantilla over the region of her heart—‘you fervently adore our noble, legitimate King Ferdinand VII.’

The rose flush sprang again to Doña Luz’s cheek.

‘Dear brother, I thought I had concealed it from all the world! Do not think I blame you, who are so much cleverer than I, still less my husband; but I sometimes wonder whether, feeling as I do that King Joseph is a usurper—though I am sorry for him, too, poor man!—whether I did right to marry Don Alonzo.’

The Abbé broke into a short laugh.

‘Right to marry him! What a——’ He was about to say, ‘What a fool the girl is!’ but checked himself. ‘What strange ideas you have! You should thank the Blessed Virgin three times a day for sending you a husband, and a marquess into the bargain.’

'I do thank her for it constantly, Diego'—Luzita crossed herself and kissed her thumb—'and pray that Don Alonzo may be rewarded for his kindness and generosity in marrying a portionless girl.'

'You do well, little sister. But *revenons à nos moutons*. It will take some diplomacy to make our presence there satisfactory to King Pepe and King Ferdinand at once, eh?'

'If you are able to go, brother, what need of me?'

'Much need, Luzita. Pascual was always as obstinate as a mule with me, but he has some affection for you, and your influence would be of the greatest service. Besides'—and the Abbé smiled and pinched her soft cheek—'there is no more useful ally for a diplomatist anywhere than a pretty, a very pretty woman. Ah! in a few years, Marquesita, you will know your own importance only too well, and will refuse to be advised by a poor Abbé!'

Doña Luz cried out at such nonsense. Yet she felt flattered at being treated in this way by Diego, of whom she had formerly been so much afraid. He had been so kind and pleasant of late that she had almost forgotten how unkind, how harsh and contemptuous he had shown himself in the miserable year which had preceded her marriage with the Marqués.

Luzita was a younger daughter in a poor and very noble family. There had been no dowry forthcoming for her, and accordingly it had been arranged from her birth that she should enter a convent. It seemed a special Providence that she should be modest, pious, thoughtful beyond her years. But when she had touched sixteen, and should have begun her novitiate, an unprecedented thing happened. The destined nun refused her destiny; she refused to enter religion. She said she did not feel a real vocation for the religious life, and to take the vows and afterwards live in a convent precisely as people live who are in the world—the compromise usually resorted to by young ladies in her situation—appeared to her wrong. The dilemma in which a noble family was placed, threatened with a daughter who could not be married and would not take the only other decorous step for a young person of family, was terrible indeed. It was more terrible still for the culprit. Life was made very hard for her. Just when it had been made almost harder than she could endure, deliverance came in the shape of her father's old friend, Don Alonzo, the Marqués de Santa Coloma. He took pity on the poor child and married her. Then he went back to Madrid, taking his wife and

leaving his old friend the Count de Villarta sulking in his castle in Estremadura, where he had been ever since the disappearance of the Bourbons. But, after all, some time or other peace must be made with facts. The Abbé, who had been brought up in the expectation of holding a benefice without being compelled to take full orders, had already accepted the new dynasty and accommodated himself to the new ideas, however inconvenient. As for Luzita herself, if she had new and romantic notions about the religious life, she had none whatever about marriage. She was transported with joy and gratitude when she heard that Don Alonzo had offered to marry her—had married him and never repented it; unless such a purely political scruple as that she had confessed to the Abbé can be called repentance.

CHAPTER II.

It had been the custom long before the days of King Joseph for the authorities to forbid masks at the Carnival; but the very same persons who as officers of State issued such a prohibition would as mere individuals be sure to notify the world that their doors would be wide open to the parties of masks who passed the evening going from house to house. The Spaniards who had taken office under the new King neither closed their doors nor issued a general invitation. They knew not whether to prefer the Scylla of complete desertion or the Charybdis of unfriendly visits. It was perhaps for mutual comfort and protection that the set of Josefino nobles who met in turn at each other's houses were mustered in force at the Marqués de Santa Coloma's house in the Barquillo. The Marquessa's *tertulia* was ever gay and well arranged in spite of the youth and inexperience of the hostess, for the Marqués himself had devoted nearly seventy years to the art of society, and left his wife nothing to do except to look beautiful and apply herself to acquiring the habit of superficial liveliness and verbal wit which it demanded. He was a tiny, wrinkled gentleman, wearing a lace cravat and a powdered *queue*; his manners were perfection, his heart excellent, and his brain non-existent. He was as much ridiculed as anyone in a society which had made ridicule its finest accomplishment, and more beloved than most.

When all had been assembled for an hour or more, and the gaming, conversation, and love-making were in full swing, the door

of the *sala* was flung open and a footman announced a party of masks. There was a pause, a thrill, part pleasure, part uneasiness; but in an instant, when the *bastonero*, the leader of the party, appeared, unmasked, and bearing his wand of office, the pleasure swept all before it. He was an actor, an old favourite in Madrid, and of a permitted colourlessness in his political opinions. An applausive rattle of fans, laughter, and bravos burst out to meet him and his following.

Foremost behind him came a man who appeared to be carrying two heads on his shoulders; then a rout of masks of all sorts and dominoes of every colour, playing on instruments, real or pretended, and singing or rather shouting a humorous ditty of no political import.

The two-headed man approached and made his bow to the young hostess. His own face was not hidden, but a thread looping up the end of his nose and a large set of false teeth made him as ugly as sin. So amused was she at the discovery that this was a real face and no mask, that she burst into a merry laugh. It was echoed at her elbow by the same laugh which had struck on her ear familiarly that afternoon. She turned and saw the Andalusian of the Prado. Her questioning eye ran rapidly over his figure. He was completely masked, and his hair was covered by a tow wig and a high, almost conical, hat. She could not recognise anything about him. Nevertheless, '*I know thee!*' she whispered boldly.

'But I do not know you, Doña Luz,' he answered, only half mockingly. 'What a great lady you have become and, *vive Dios!* what a handsome one!'

'Was I ugly when you knew me, sir! Then it must have been before I can remember.'

'Are you grown vain and coquettish, Luzita? I liked you best as you were, so good, so easily tricked—'

'Jesus! How I wonder who you can be!' she cried, forgetting to pretend she knew. 'Tell me at least what letter your name begins with.'

She ran through several, and each was rejected.

'Come,' he said, a trifle impatiently, 'you are unlucky! Let us talk about something else.'

'Do let me see a bit of your face, just the least little bit, or I shall die of curiosity.'

'But if someone else saw it I might have to die in good earnest.'

At these words Luzita's pulses quickened with an excitement greater than that of mere curiosity. This must be one of the many friends and connections of her family who had thrown in their lot with the patriotic party. She longed yet more to see his face, and to tell him that she and hers were not really against their country, against their rightful King, only the victims of circumstance. The double-headed man who had stood in silence a little apart, yet screening the pair from observation, now moved further away and began a noisy quarrel between his two heads. Everybody crowded to listen and laugh and take one side or the other. Under cover of the hubbub the Andalusian said in a natural voice, 'I have something of importance to say to you, Marquesita. Where can I see you alone?'

'I don't think I ought——'

'*Santo Dios!* I am no gallant, and this is no time for pruderies. Can I speak to you alone, Luzita?'

Luzita hesitated like Launcelot Gobbo between the Fiend and Conscience, but did not hesitate so long. For when Conscience is after all but a kind of timidity, and Satan is a gentleman, it may be guessed to which side a romantic young lady will incline.

'A window is ajar behind those curtains,' she faltered. 'Turn to your left when you are on the balcony, and wait near the fifth window.'

Here the double-headed man snatched the Andalusian away by the arm and in a moment they were dancing a caricature. Leaving his partner, the double-headed man now made his way to a large alcove where sat a circle of ladies watching these Carnival antics, each with fan in hand and cavalier in attendance. All the company flowed in the same direction; for they had by now recognised in him a favourite actor, seldom seen in Madrid since the arrival of King Joseph. Thus all eyes were turned away from the window when the Andalusian slipped out on to the balcony.

'What a lie you told, brother,' said the face to the mask on the same shoulders; 'you told me we were going to heaven.'

'I told the truth, brother,' replied the mask, bowing and kissing its hands to the ladies. 'Is not this Paradise?'

'No, fool,' replied the face violently, 'it is hell.'

There were cries of reprobation, and fans cracked angrily.

The mask tore its tow wig.

'Oh, what a mistake! But, brother, how do you know it is hell?'

'Because that's the place all the pretty women go to—and here they are.' In his turn the face bowed and kissed both hands to the company.

The Josefino *tertulia*, which had stiffened itself to meet a political onslaught, laughed with the abandonment of relief.

'But I'm afraid it's no use at all your coming here, señores,' retorted a lady, rolling splendid eyes. 'The pretty women are already too much engaged. Think what a crowd of clever men have gone to hell on their account before you.'

'And only one in all history who went there after his own wife,' chirped another.

'Very true, madam,' cried the mask, 'and he astonished the very Devil. I myself overheard the dialogue between him and Orpheus, and it was like this.'

Everyone crowded round, and the connoisseurs put up their glasses to enjoy a satirical dialogue on marriage. A subject not new to satire, having probably elicited the same laughs from the stomach, the same caresses of the beard, and the same superior smiles in the halls of Mykene as it does in the theatres of London. Yet the two-headed actor had not been wrong in fancying it would engage the attention of a mixed company more certainly than literature, the arts, or even politics. And while everyone was listening attentively the hostess disappeared unobserved.

Doña Luz entered a small room, where a lamp was burning before an image of the Virgin. She opened the window which led on to the same balcony as those of the *sala*, and, looking out, saw, mysterious and terrifying in the last rays of a setting moon, the silhouette of a man leaning against the rail. She lighted the candles in a silver candelabrum and, trembling at the audacity of her own conduct yet still determined, stepped to the window and called softly to the mask to come in. He obeyed. As he stood close to her, the light from the high-branched candlestick falling upon him, the black mask seemed suddenly terrible in its expressionlessness, and the eyes which showed through it glittered with extraordinary brilliancy. She turned cold with fear. But with a little toss of his head the Andalusian swept off the mask, and, lo! instead of black mystery, there glowed and laughed, quite close to her own in the light of the wax candles, a brilliantly blond young face with a rumple of fair hair showing under the pushed-back tow, yet the fine eyebrows and long lashes black round a pair of bright blue eyes.

'Patricito!' she cried. 'Purest Virgin! It is Patricito Dillon!'

'Certainly it is I, Luzita,' he said, kissing her hand. 'Let me begin by congratulating you on your marriage.'

'I thank you a thousand times, Patricito. Yes, indeed, Don Alonzo has been most generous. I should be perfectly happy were it not for one thing.'

'And that is——' smiled Patrick dubiously, thinking of the wrinkled toy-like old Marqués in the next room.

'That we are Josefinos, *afrancesados*. It is dreadful, is it not? But Don Alonzo, my husband, has been at Court ever since he was fourteen years old. Think what misery for him to be shut up in his castle with nothing to look at but windmills and grass and sheep, and no one to speak to excepting provincials! The doctors declared that to save his life he must return to the Court. I cannot describe my regret! You will say I should have thought of that before I married. But how could a girl in such a terrible situation consider anything but the goodness of the man who offered to marry her?'

'How, indeed!' ejaculated Patrick; and then with meaning: 'Also I do not forget that you are the sister of Pascual Villarta, the devoted companion of Ferdinand VII.'s captivity.'

'Pascual? Ah!' Luzita caught her breath. 'Ask me to do something for Ferdinand VII., ask me and see if I am not ready. Alas! I can do nothing,' she cried confusedly. 'But you, Patricito, how comes it that you venture here? It was reported you were with Velintón.'

Patrick Dillon's face was clouded. He threw himself into a chair and played moodily with the cap and mask in his hand, while the tow wig dropped off his hair.

'Can I trust you with a secret, Luzita?'

'Do you ask me that, Patricito?'

'Ah, but that was long ago. You are a woman now, Marquesita, and my secrets are not my own.'

'I thought you came here to tell me one. Come, I will be generous and tell you something which will interest you. Perhaps I shall go to France before long and see the King. Have you any message for him, Don Patricito?'

'The King? *Santo Dios!* You will see him?'

'Perhaps I shall see him.'

'Who knows? I might have a very particular message to send him. If I tell you what that means, Luzita, will you swear

by all the saints'—Patrick wore the serious frown at which Luzita had been used to laugh—'not to reveal the secret to a living creature?'

'By Jesus, Maria, and San Isidro I swear it.'

'There is a project, a good one, for the rescue of the King; but we want money.'

'Be sure, my friend, that noble and patriotic Spain will give its last real.'

'But the country is stripped, it is ruined. I have raised a hundred thousand reals, but we need at least a hundred thousand more.'

'Man! You must beg, you must implore——'

Patricito shrugged his shoulders.

'*Caramba!* That cow is dry. But I have still one plan, one little hope. I am told you are grown a great favourite with that miserly old godmother of yours, Doña Beatriz; and even if it is true she has nothing but her wonderful diamonds——'

'My friend, you are too late. My godmother died a month ago. She died in a poor little house at Vicalvaro, leaving everything in it to the good Fathers of the Carmen. They found in it two hundred thousand reals hidden away in drawers, in cupboards, in beds.'

'*Qué demonio!* the game is not yet lost. It is ill parting priests and money, yet we can bring influences——'

'Listen, my friend! The affair was talked about, and a party of French officers arrived at the house before the money could be taken away. Man! Do you think a Spaniard will ever see a real of it?'

Patrick turned pale and swore roundly.

'Yet listen! These poor French gentlemen must have had a serious disappointment all the same. They thought they had got Doña Beatriz's diamonds, but they have not.'

She made a little pause to smile triumphantly.

'Where do you think they are, Patricito? Where?'

Luzita did not wait for an answer, but ran to a corner of the room where, on what appeared to be a table placed before an image of the Virgin, a lamp was burning. She removed the lamp and, lifting the table-cloth, showed beneath it a small chest of painted iron. With swift, impatient fingers she worked some trickery of the lock, and drawing out a faded velvet jewel-case hurried back to the table. Patrick had not time to inquire what she held when there was a flash before his eyes, a sudden dazzle.

A chain, all clusters and rows of pure Brazilian diamonds, swung a moment from Doña Luz's white fingers, glittering with prismatic flame in the light of the candles, to fall in a sparkling heap on the table before him.

'Take it!' cried Doña Luz, 'take it!' and laughed aloud, clasping, almost clapping, her white hands.

Patrick took up the necklace and stared at it.

'*Caracoles!* These, then, are the diamonds of Doña Beatriz? How came they here?'

Luzita became serious.

'I see you remember my godmother always spoke of leaving them to the Virgin of the Carmen. Yet she gave the necklace, sealed up in this velvet case which you see, to a lawyer in Madrid to be given to me after her death. Doña Beatriz also possessed a copy of this necklace made in paste, so beautifully made it was not easy to detect the difference. There was no doubt she was pleased with me for having made a good marriage, and also for the little attention I paid her during her illness. But I cannot believe she meant to take these jewels away from the Blessed Virgin and give them to me; rather I think she intended to leave me the paste imitation; but she was grown very blind, so that—perhaps by the special will of the Blessed Virgin—she made a mistake and gave me the real diamonds. I had almost persuaded my good Don Alonzo to let me visit the holy Fathers at Vicálvaro and exchange these diamonds for the paste necklace which she meant me to have. Luckily I had not yet done so when the French seized everything.'

'Accursed brigands! But what else could one expect! Shut up your diamonds again, Doña Quixota de la Mancha, and be sure this time that the Blessed Virgin meant you and none other to have them.' He leaned his head upon his hand and almost groaned. 'Alas! Luzita, the news you give me deprives us of our last hope of saving the King. Farewell, Marquesita. Pray for him, for Spain, and for me.'

As he spoke Patrick Dillon slowly rose and approached the window; but Luzita, snatching the diamonds from the table, interposed.

'Take it,' she cried, 'it is for you and the King.'

'*Mujer!* No! I cannot, I must not. You have not the right to give it.'

'Not the right? But it is my own, my very own. Don Alonzo

has said so. It is the only thing I have in the world which is really mine, and I give it to you and to Ferdinand VII. Take it, Patricito !'

She thrust the necklace into his hand. Mechanically his fingers closed round the glittering coil of diamonds that was still clasped in hers. Their eyes were on a level, and they paused, locked as it were in a long gaze, on her side imperative, on his doubtful, fascinated, half yielding to the power of that beautiful regality of hers. So they stood close to each other, while from the dark balcony without a man watched them through the uncurtained window. He opened it very quietly, but his silken cassock rustled as he stepped in. With a start the Marquesa and Patrick Dillon looked round and saw there the white face of the Abbé, his sneering red mouth and sleepy eyelids, a little more sneering than usual, a little less sleepy. Luzita gave a faint cry, and in an instant was transformed from the proud and patriotic lady to a little girl caught in a transgression. The change in Patrick Dillon's face was as swift, but fiercer, and his hand flew to the folds of his sash, not unfurnished with a serviceable weapon.

'Good evening,' said the Abbé, closing the window softly behind him. 'Excuse me. I interrupt something interesting.'

'You interrupt nothing, Diego, except a departure,' returned Patrick, smoothing brow and voice with difficulty.

'I see. The departure of a small fortune.' The Abbé pointed to the diamonds which Luzita had left swinging from the young man's hand. 'You call that nothing, most excellent Señor, Don Patricio Dillon ? Well, well ! So bold a brigand has doubtless before now won larger sums at a stroke.'

'Brigand, Señor !' exclaimed Patrick, 'you presume to call an officer of your King——'

'Brother,' broke in Doña Luz, 'it is I who offer these diamonds to Patricio Dillon, for a purpose.'

'You !' cried the Abbé, turning upon her with a savage snarl. 'And who are you to dare dispose of such an inheritance according to your fancy ? A fool, a silly, ignorant child ! I tell you this is a fraud, an imposition practised upon your simplicity. I will call the Marqués, I will call the police.'

The Marquesa no longer trembled. She held up her head, and at her look and gesture the astonished Abbé stared.

'You forget yourself, Diego. This house is not yours, it is mine ; and, traitors though you and I may be, a loyal soldier of

King Ferdinand shall not be betrayed in it. These diamonds also are mine, and if Patricio will take them for my lawful sovereign, for Ferdinand VII., who stands in need of such help, the consolation to me will be infinite. May God and the King accept the sacrifice as in some measure an expiation for the offences of our family !'

Diego contemplated his sister and drew his hand slowly across his chin. Luz was, of course, a romantic fool, but really it looked as though for once she had stumbled on a good idea. And although the spectacle of family diamonds in the grasp of an alien had shaken him with a gust of rage, in calmer moments the Abbé knew that if any man in the world could be trusted with other men's property, that man was Patrick Dillon. After all, the diamonds were not his, Diego's, and they might prove the very means of effecting that insurance against a possible change of kings which had of late been much in his thoughts. The Abbé's mind was not slow ; it had no wings, but it ran and crept with immense celerity. After a pause perceptible, yet of no great length, he spoke, and with another accent.

'Pardon me, sister, you also friend Patricito. You know my frank and hasty disposition. It is true we have not all been so stedfast in our loyalty to Ferdinand VII. as our heroic elder brother. Our sin, our most grievous sin ! We ought to rejoice at finding here an opportunity of offering to our legitimate King some little proof that we are not so forgetful of him as we must appear. Return to your guests, Luzita, for your absence is already observed. I will remain here with our friend Patricito, who will perhaps furnish me with a fuller explanation of his purpose in taking these diamonds than he has so far favoured me with.'

'I am glad to have your approval, Diego,' returned his sister, 'especially as you may better overcome Patricio's scruples in taking my diamonds for the King's service than I have been able to myself. At any rate, Patricio, do not forget that the diamonds are mine to give where I please ; that this house also is mine, and no one shall be betrayed in it.'

Patrick Dillon kissed her hand, and she left the room, the Abbé opening the door for her with a mock deference. But for all the mocking lip he made, in his heart he was disagreeably surprised to find that his youngest sister was no longer so much afraid of him as she used to be.

'Now,' said he, turning to Patrick Dillon with a false cordiality,

'let us talk over this matter man to man. What are you taking these diamonds for, Patricito mine? If it is but to replenish the treasure-chest of the Junta—*Vamos, amiguito!* Let the fat English lords do that.'

'It is for the King's service and for his alone—of so much you may be sure. And when our beloved Ferdinand VII. is restored to his people I shall not fail to tell him of the Marquesa's noble sacrifice.'

'Luzita offers them on behalf of the whole family of Villarta,' said the Abbé quickly. 'They have been ours for I know not how many generations, though I know they were reset when the Bourbons came into Spain. But how if you were to be killed, friend Patricio?'

'The King and the Regiment of Ultonia would lose a good man,' affirmed Patrick impudently, arranging his hat and tow wig before a large tarnished mirror, adorned with wreaths of painted flowers and deeply engraved. 'And you, my Diego, would lose nothing. Good night, good night. I can hear that my partners are becoming impatient. I kiss your Sanctity's hands and feet.'

'Pardon me!' cried the Abbé, stretching a detaining hand. But the Andalusian eluded it with the slipperiness of an eel, shot out into a dark corridor, and guided by the sound of laughter and music and the rhythmic tramp of feet found his way to the *sala*.

There the double-headed man was leading a last wild dance with all his crew, while half the guests were linking hands with the masks and helping to fill the room with joyous confusion. The Andalusian, seizing hold of a stout handsome lady, who had hitherto been content to stand by and laugh, carried her off into the whirl of dancers, and was soon lost among the rest.

Now the Abbé, approaching his sister, who stood silent and apart, began to talk to her with the air and voice of a trifter.

'What will you tell the Marqués, little sister, when he asks after your necklace?'

'Not a lie, brother, certainly.'

'The courtier of King Joseph will be pleasantly surprised when he learns that his wife is engaged in a Ferdinandist conspiracy. He is made a traitor in spite of himself.'

'A traitor! Purest Virgin! You think that the Marqués might consider——'

'Might consider it necessary to throw up his office at King Joseph's Court in consequence of your escapade. I know Don

Alonzo—a man of the highest punctilio—and that is what he would do.’

‘Diego! How terrible! I never thought——’

‘Luckily you have a brother who thinks more than you do, featherpate. Everything depends on the Marqués not discovering the loss of the necklace. Now I happen to know where to find that famous paste copy of it which the French colonel seized. He took it to the jeweller’s to be valued. Oh! what a disappointment. So then he gave it to a lady’—the Abbé smiled roguishly and took snuff—‘well, to a lady from whom he had received favours. She, again, took it to the jeweller’s, and again there is another person monstrously angry at finding no diamonds in the affair. I know the lady myself, and believe I can obtain the paste necklace for a song; though nowadays, alas! a poor Abbé’s purse is very unmusical.’

Don Alonzo would give up his position at Court! Yes, now that her brother had suggested it the Marquesa saw clearly that this was what would happen. Don Alonzo had very little soul, but what he had was the soul of honour. And there he stood, poor innocent! looking the picture of contentment, covered with orders and beating time to the music, with a tiny beglittered hand. She, his wife, had done what was right. She had atoned for his weakness even while she excused it. But must she destroy his happiness and send him back to misery, sheep, and windmills? No. Let Diego procure her the counterfeit diamonds, and in the end her brother also should not be a loser.

Having settled this not unimportant matter to his satisfaction, the Abbé passed on to bestow some gallantries on certain ladies of importance; and the Andalusian whirled out of the room with the other masks in the train of the *bastonero*, amid a volley of laughter and pleasantries.

(To be continued.)

